The Official Newspaper of the A. E. F.

The Stars and Stripes

By and For the Soldiers of the A. E. F.

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MORTALLY HURT, SERGEANT HELPS WOUNDED MATES

General Pershing Cables D.S.C. Man's Family Personal Tribute

FRENCH GIVEN NEW CROSS

Major and Lieutenant are Honored for Gallant Share in American Raid

22 MORE WIN DECORATION

Medical Department Well Represented in Second List of A.E.F. Heroes

Twenty-two more men have won the Distinguished Service Cross, the new American decoration which recognizes only "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy" and which was awarded for the first time in history last week.

In the long list of names, each with its brief chronicle of gallantry, the case which immediately arrests the attention and most readily kindles the imagination is that of SERGEANT THEODORE PETERSON of the Medical Department. He was on duty with a detachment assigned to a certain regiment of field artillery, and, even after he had been mortally wounded while that regiment was in action on March 5, he kept stubbornly at his work, directing the care of the wounded brought in and, in order to save the lives of the men about him, himself giving the first gas test. He died that night.

To the kin of Sgt. Peterson back home, General Pershing has sent over the cables, through the War Department, a personal message of sympathy and tribute—the first message of its kind to go from the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. to the family of a soldier in America.

General Pershing's Message

The message is as follows:—

"Request you express my personal sympathy to nearest living relatives of Sgt. Peterson. After being mortally wounded, Sgt. Peterson gave detailed instructions to the wounded, and gave first gas test, in order to save the lives of the men about him. He was a gallant soldier and I have awarded him a Distinguished Service Cross. PERSHING."

The Medical Department is well represented in the new list of awards, and Sgt. Peterson's name is added to the honor roll of a branch of the service that has been distinguished for bravery and sacrifice in all the armies of the Allies since the great war began.

Many other branches of the service and nearly all ranks in our Army are represented in this list, which is made up of 11 officers and eight enlisted men. Two of those officers are of the French Army and the conferring of the Distinguished Service Cross upon them is its first award outside the forces of the A.E.F.

They are MAJOR JACQUES CORBABON and LIEUT. DE LA GICLAIS. Major Corbabon, an officer of the French Mission attached to the American troops, took part in an assault on the German positions in the salient du Feys on March 9, an assault during which three lines of German trenches were overrun.

He voluntarily joined an American infantry company while it was undergoing a severe fire that lasted about three hours, and in the official report of the engagement to Washington, you may read the words:—

Major's Courage Sets Example

"This officer, by his coolness and conspicuous courage, had a marked effect on this organization during its baptism of fire."

Lieut. de La Giclais, stationed with one of our batteries of field artillery, entered its quarry while it was under heavy shell fire and helped materially in encouraging the American artillerymen.

Three of the new Crosses must be sent overseas to homes in America, for the men to whom they were awarded gave their lives in the winning of them. One of these was Sgt. Peterson. The others are PVTS. HERMAN GENTRY and LENNIE FILLENGEN of the infantry. They stood by their posts in the face of blasting shell fire on March 5 and died of the wounds they then received.

Already told in these columns at the time when they won the *Croix de Guerre* were the records of COL. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, Chief of Staff; CAPT. THOMAS P. HANDY, Artillery; SGTS. VARNER HALL and JAMES WEST and CORPL. EDGAR H. FREEMAN, AMOS TESKE an HOMER WHITED, five infantrymen who made up a patrol that went out into No Man's Land on the night of March 4 and, encountering there a German patrol of 11 men, attacked them, routed them and returned in triumph with two prisoners. All have been awarded the D.S.C.

Lieutenant Puts Men First

Another winner of the *Croix de Guerre* to be decorated with the D.S.C. is 2nd LIEUT. A. W. TERRELL, Artillery, whose award recognizes his gallant conduct of his battery under heavy shellfire near Pexonne on March 6. Both his colonel and his brigade commander credit him with having sustained the morale of his men and aided greatly in their success. Surgical aid had to be given to those of his men who were injured before Lieut. Terrell would accept it, although he himself was so severely wounded that his leg had to be amputated later.

Other names that appear on the D.S.C. roll of 22 are given here together with the brief record of achievements:—

COL. GEORGE E. LEACH and LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM H. DONAHUE are cited for their share in the action of March 5 near Pexonne which won the decoration for Lieutenant de La Giclais of the French Army.

CAPT. RICHARD SMITH, Signal

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FROM RAGS TO RICHES

[By cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—"Ra-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-aggs!"

That familiar street call promises to become the slogan of the rich. No longer does the junkman boneyardward plod his weary way, clad in habiliments similar to those he buys, as a sort of emblem of his trade. Instead, he rides about in all the glory of the Duke of Essex Street, in his own Rolls-Royce.

Such, at least, was the impression created by the obvious prosperousness of the members of the National Waste Material Dealers' Association as they appeared at their annual dinner. The dinner was held, not down in the Bowery, but up at the Hotel Astor, where foreign notables and home-speaking products are toasted and feted all winter long. And when, in war times, any body of people have the temerity to order—and pay for—a dinner in any one of the hosteIries of the Broadway-Forty-second Street belt they must be prosperous.

One of the guests present hazarded the modest opinion that the rags - bones - and - bottles business hadn't been so bad this year. In fact, he confessed to having done a $45,000,000 business himself the past 12 months.

The junkmen—pardon, the Waste Material Dealers—announce that Uncle Sam himself is soon to become one of their number. He, they declare, will have about $1,000,000,000 worth of abandoned stuff to reclaim annually.

LIQUOR BATTLE HAS ALL SIDES IN BAD TANGLE

New York Wets and Drys Struggle in Cobweb of Amendments

BOOZE OUT IN 28 STATES

Stand Taken by Others Will Depend Largely On Result of Eastern Vote

SUGARED CIDER GETS K.O.

No More Kick in Apple Juice, Says New Internal Revenue Department Officer

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

[By Cable to The Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Our old demoniac friend Rum has definitely taken a bad second place as the expert tangle-footer, for prohibition has tangled New York State politics more weirdly than ever politics were tangled in the history of Albany, even in its most unregenerate days when the "Tub of Blood" and other famous Albany hostelries fairly slopped over with red liquor.

In the strategic mix-up last week the dry advocates and the wet advocates surrounded each other and got their respective trenches so confused that now nobody knows who's who. The State prohibition amendments and the Federal prohibition amendments are all jammed together with each other and with the various referendum amendments. Wet advocates are suporting prohibition referendums and dry advocates are recklessly supporting light wine and beer, while little detached forces are clinched in a death grip over bone dry prohibition and no prohibition at all.

Well-known and astute politicians are sitting anxiously and cagily at high observation points, wondering what flag is the safest to fight under. Their painful plight is a source of distress to all kindly observers.

Bay State Watches New York

Everybody realizes that New York is the stronghold of that cordon of States that still remain wet. Soon Massachusetts is to vote on the question, and it is assumed that New York's action will have great effect there. On April 16, 38 cities in New York State will vote on local option. Twenty-five per cent of the voters must sign a petition before such an election can be called, and in nearly every one of these cities that necessary percentage was greatly exceeded. It was the woman's vote that rolled up the striking majorities.

Governor Hobby, of Texas, has signed the dry Bill, leaving only Gila monsters and tarantulas as legal distilleries in the Lone Star State. Out in Chicago the liquor dealers are helping temperance along by phophesying that the price of a glass of whiskey will soon be 25 cents. The liquor stock there is so low that 1,000 of Chicago's 6,000 saloons are expected to close May 1. New York City's stock, however, seems to be adequate, but the prices range from 25 to 40 cents and on up.

The Internal Revenue Department has made the cruel decision that sugared cider is booze. This is a sad blow at the ingenious drink experts who have been putting a pleasant kick into innocent apple juice.

Twenty-eight States Now Dry

Twenty-eight States now have State prohibition and six of these have ratified the Federal amendment. Three other States, originally considered wet, have also ratified the Federal amendment, but thus far have passed no State prohibition law. These are Delaware, Maryland, and Kentucky.

It now looks as if only ten doubtful States were left to make up the 36 needed for the Federal amendment to become the law of the land. Many of these, however, will not have another legislative session until next year.

In the meantime, the action taken by New York and Massachusetts will probably affect seriously the course taken by the others. Most observers believe that New York is likey to avoid immediate action by calling for a State referendum on the Federal amendment.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As you deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

HELLO GIRLS HERE IN REAL ARMY DUDS

Signal Corps Colors Adorn Hats of New Bilingual Wire Experts

THEY HAVE SERGEANTS, TOO

Company of 33 Regulars Represents Half of States of Union

UNCLE SAM PRESENTS "HELLO, GIRLS!"

A Melodious, Mirthful Extravaganza in Three Coils Produced for the First Time in France, under the auspices of the A.E.F. Protective and Benevolent Society for the Suppression of Huns, in the Theatre de Guerre. Performances in both French and English. Assisted by a chorus of 33—COUNT 'EM—33 Real American Telephone girls, representing half the States in the Union, and able to get anybody's number the first time—including the Kaiser's.

Such, in brief might well be the handbill announcement heralding the arrival in France of the vanguard of the Hello Girls' detachment, which has come here to handle switchboards, adjust switches, calm and soothe irate C.O.s—at long distance—who are trying to cut in and tell the Quartermaster just what they think of him, and to disconnect promptly any brusque and over-military persons who will persist in saying *Cochon!* or "——!" when they hear an undue buzzing on the line. In short, the 'phone girls—thirty-three, count 'em, thirty-three—are here to take the phone-using portion of the A.E.F. by the ears, and put it in its proper place.

They arrived just the other day, and like everything else that's new and interesting in the Army—yes, they're in it, too—they were lined up before a Signal Corps camera and shot. Grouped about the base of a statue in a little Paris square, they presented a pleasing sight. (American girls always do.)

The ladies of the line wear a real Army costume, save that their campaign hats are dark blue and that they have shown great originality by substituting the skirt for the more conventional O.D. breeches and putts. Their hat cords, those lovely orange and white things that the Signal Corps wears (so suggestive of fillets of orange blossoms), are the real thing. So are their buttons. And they've got it on the rest of us in that they know how to sew on those buttons when they come off.

Their insignia, too, are real and terrifyingly complicated. The rank is indicated by arm bands. An Operator, First Class, wears a white brassard with a blue outline design of a telephone mouthpiece. A Supervisor, who rates with a platoon sergeant, wears the same emblem with a wreath around it. The Chief Operator or "Top," has a wreath, a mouthpiece, and blue lightning flashes shooting out above the receiver—which is most appropriate for a Top.

But the Top says those Jove-like lightning flashes don't mean anything in particular. To be sure, she will insist on discipline, if it's required, but thus far she hasn't had any occasion to let loose thunderbolts at the heads of her charges. No, the girls will not have first call at 6:15 and reveille at 6:30, the way the doughboys do. Fancy ask-

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KILL NO HEN, IS HOOVER'S CRY

But Poultry Folk Say, "She Shall Die"

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Smite not the chickens! Slay them not! Such is the word Hooverian that's gone throughout this patient land in saving food unwearyin'.

But what hen ranchers want to know is this: When hens quit layin', and, quite unloyal, go on strike, ain't that excuse for slayin'? Shall they be left to eatful ease, to slumbers sybaritic, while other idlers work perforce 'neath measures manumittic?

The agriculture profs are het, from Ithaca to Vassar: they'd take the cackling, slacking hen and bayonet or gas her. But gentle souls, who love all fowls (including Broadway chickens), do vent their fears in loud alarms and vow to raise the dickens.

And so the merry battle goes twixt poultrymen and eggmen, as bitter as the age-long fight that's waged by cops and yeggmen.

RESTAURANT KEEPERS LEARN WHAT MEAT IS

Tripe, Kidneys and Liver All Come Under Food Board Ban

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—"Are women people?" bids fair to be supplanted as a plaintive query by "Are tripe, kidneys, liver and other innerds to be considered as meat?"

The Federal Food Board says yes. The New York restaurateurs say no. The latter claim that the only reason they served the foregoing internal delicacies on meatless days was that they were under the impression that such masterpieces of the interior decorator's art were not meat at all. But the Food Board, which has the final say, reclares that they are meat, no matter how may red herrings the Gotham restaurant men may draw across the trail.

As a consequence of serving said tripe, kidneys, liver and the rest, several well-known and (up to now) popular eating places in the Greater City have been closed for three days, as punishment for the ignorance of their proprietors. Those unfortunate gentlemen are spending the period of enforced leisure in studying upon what is meat and what isn't, so that in future no prying food investigator can come into their places and, after sampling, exclaim:

"Looks like mince; tastes like mince; dog-gurned ef 'taint mince!"

NAT GOODWIN STARS IN SUIT

Actor Declares Soda - Vinegar Baths Are Just Nerve Soothers

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Nat Goodwin takes baths in a mixtuer of bicarbonate of soda and vinegar, but that is just to soothe his nerves, and he has hotly repudiated the insinuation that he takes them for any other reason. The insinuation was made in the course of a suit brought by the well-known husband and actor to recover $13,000 back salary due to him from a movie producer.

The defendant company does not pretend to have mislaid Nat's service record, but does intimate that he was often late to rehearsals or failed to show up at all. Goodwin testifies that no matter how late he stayed up the night before, he was always able to look the camera in the eye at the appointed hour next morning.

SERGEANT HERO OF GAS ATTACK NEAR SOISSONS

Strips Off Mask When Working Party Is Caught Between Lines

30,000 SHELLS COME OVER

Americans Get Share of Artillery Storm That Precedes Big Offensive

CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

All the world knows now how the Boche began his latest offensive; with an artillery attack along the western front. In Soissons the attack took the same character—a shower of gas shells of unprecedented vigor and continuance.

In the Soissons sector, there was 36 hours of shelling, intense for an hour, then less so for an hour and a half, then intense again. The spotters say that 30,000 gas shells fell on the front occupied by the Yankees.

Statistical matters, however, were not what was troubling a sergeant of the infantry which comes from where oats are often made of shoe pegs. The sergeant, just before the attack began, had a squad out in No Man's Land, in front of the American wire, as a working party.

When the shells began to fall close, it became immediately apparent that they were gas shells, and the squad went into masks with a promptness which has saved the Americans from the infernal devices almost altogether.

Search for Way Home

As soon as it became sure that this was going to be something more than a shower, as Noah said, the sergeant concluded it would be best to take his working party in. He ordered them to follow him, and went along the wire, looking for the lane through it to safety.

The lane is not so easy to find anyway; add to the ordinary difficulty, due to the necessity of camouflaging it against the Boche, the uncertain light conditions and the fact that the whole party was seeing through the panes of British box respirators, and it is easily understood that that squad was up against a stiff and dangerous proposition.

Good Place To Be Out Of

It began to look very serious. Gas attacks heretofore have prefaced attacks, and as the intensity and length of this barrage increased it began to seem more and more as if the attack to come would be correspondingly in force. Certainly it was no time for a mere squad to be out alone in No Man's Land, to say nothing of the probability of an American counter-barrage setting up at any minute.

The sergeant looked over his men: dumb and hideous in their life-saving masks. He led them back once more, down the wire, to where he thought the hole ought to be. Then, as simply as if he was turning in for breakfast, he stripped off his mask that he might see the way, and hunted that lane through the wire on the run.

That is all there was to it. He found the lane almost immediately, waved his squad up to him, and took them through to safety. He put on his mask again, but, of course, he had been gassed, as he knew he would be when he took it off.

The sergeant is in hospital, but latest report is to the effect that he is safely on the road to recovery.

TAKE AS YOUR MASCOT A FRENCH WAR ORPHAN

Every Company, or Even Smaller Unit, in A.E.F. Has Chance to Adopt and Maintain Its Own Waif—Just Name Your Choice

500 FRANCS WILL SUPPORT CHILD FOR YEAR

American Soldiers Can Play Godfather at Prodigious Outlay of Four Cents a Month Through "Stars and Stripes" Plan

Who wants to extend a timely helping hand to our best friends on this side of the world—the children of France?

Who wants to help adopt a war orphan?

THE STARS AND STRIPES believes every American soldier in France does, and has arranged the opportunity. In conjunction with the American Red Cross, a plan has been formulated by which a company or other unit or group may adopt for a year a war-stricken child to feed, clothe, and start toward an education and a useful life.

In France there are thousands of children who need help—orphans, the children of crippled soldiers, the children of the invaded districts whose parents may now be laboring at the point of a bayonet behind the German lines, or may be dead. The story of their tribulation is well known. Of all those who have made sacrifices for liberty their sufferings are the most acute. Of all causes theirs is the worthiest and the most pressing.

Some of these tots saw their fathers go off to war, two or three years ago. They never saw them afterward. Others saw their fathers come back blinded or crippled so seriously that they no longer can provide for their families. Their mothers, perhaps their elder brothers and sisters, are woking now, struggling to keep the family together and alive. Food and clothing are lacking.

Name Any Kind of Child Mascot You Choose

Still others—those who lived in the territory entered and now held by the Boche—are homeless. Their fathers and mothers are held by the Germans because they can work: the children have been sent into France because they cannot work. After living four years in huts and cellars, they have been sent into their home land, but among strangers. Some are ill, all of them are hungry and poorly clothed. The picture of these children is the saddest of the whole war. Some of them know who their parents are: some do not. Some do not even know their own names, and are simply given a number and enrolled as "Unclaimed." They are public charges.

These children need assistance. They deserve the prerogative of every child, *a chance*. No one is able to help them more than the men of the A.E.F. No one, THE STARS AND STRIPES believes, is more willing. So this opportunity has been arranged. You can take your choice—an orphan, a tot bereft of a father by the war and living with its mother or other relative, the child of a crippled soldier, or one of the needy youngsters from the north who have no one to look to now but strangers. You can name the age of the child and specify whether you want, for your live, human, thankful, little company mascot, a boy or a girl.

We of the A.E.F. know the French children. Not a soldier in France but loves and admires them. They were at the dock to greet us with their handshakes and salutes and their *bon jour Americains*. They followed along with the column as we marched through the streets, and they have been with us at our billets and in our idle hours more or less ever since.

They were the first to utter the American "goodbye" and "good night," and, although they invariably used the former upon meeting and the latter in the daytime—as inappropriately as we used our first French—it was English, English painstakingly mastered as a compliment to us. They went all the way to meet us. They were our first and are our firmest friends in France.

Ministers and mayors greeted us, French officers entertained our officers in their clubs and homes. But it was the children who gave us our real, spontaneous, undoubtedly genuine welcome.

Four Cents a Month per Man

To the elder world we are still an untried Army. But the youth of France has not suspended judgment. They know us, understand us, trust us. We are their ideals and their idols—everything a man and a soldier ought to be. And now we have a chance to do something for them.

Five hundred francs a year. That is all that is required to adopt a war orphan. It amounts to nothing for a company or a detachment. It means a few sous per month per man. THE STARS AND STRIPES, in announcing this plan, has considered the compulsory allotments, insurance, Liberty Bonds. Yet, with all these, we are still the soldier spendthrifts of the world, and spend most of our money selfishly at that.

A unit of 200 men say adopts a child. That costs 500 francs, $87.72. It means about 2.50 francs per man. Spread over a year, the time it will maintain the tot, it means a little more than four cents a month. Is there a soldier in France who would begrudge four cents a month to a French orphan? Or ten cents, a whole dime? Or two contributions of 1.25 francs three months apart?

Five hundred francs is next to nothing for the average A.E.F. unit. To a French child, it is food, clothing, a home, education—life itself.

But THE STARS AND STRIPES recognizes the difference between intention and achievement—between being willing to do a good deed and doing that deed. Everybody will be willing to contribute, but some one in each organization will have to start the ball rolling. The chaplain can do it, the C.O. can do it, a lieutenant can do it. If these officers are too busy, the money may be gathered through the top sergeant's office or by a designated enlisted man or committee. There is a live man in every unit. He is the fellow who organizes the shows and stages the boxing matches. He can help.

There are no rules as to how the money is to be collected, and there is no limit upon the size or kind of adopting organization, provided it is certain it can meet the obligation incurred.

Officers Can Come In, Too

Nor is the opportunity restricted to enlisted men. Officers and groups of officers—regimental and divisions staffs, and the like—are equally eligible. The children of France have been impartial in their attention and friendship. They have not discriminated against shoulder bars.

After you have read the accompanying rules, talked it over, and raised the first instalment of the contribution, send it to the War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, specifying what sort of child you want adopted, if you have a preference.

We—with the aid of the American Red Cross—will see that the money is wisely expended and guarantee you bigger returns on the investment, in dividends of satisfaction for a good deed well done, than you ever got before.

The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES adopts the first orphan—and we're only a corporal's guard.

Who takes the second?

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support.

The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes and specify its age and sex.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement.

At least two hundred and fifty francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

All of the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross.

A photograph and a history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and hereafter notified monthly of its progress.

The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family.

The Red Cross committee will regularly visit the schools and homes of the children and supervise the expenditures of the money upon them.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an equal assessment upon the members of a unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit.

The funds may be handled through the C.O., the top sergeant's office, or by any one in a unit designated for the purpose.

Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

AMERICAN TOMMIES CAN'T CHANGE OVER

Hundreds Have Applied for Transfer at the A.E.F. London Offices

CONFUSION IS AVOIDED

No Military End Would Be Served by Allowing Men to Quit British Forces

WELL-KNOWN YANKS ARRIVE

Ray Stannard Baker and Henry J. Allen Come Over to Do Their Bit for Cause

By GEORGE T. BYE
London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

LONDON, March 28.—Many a Yank foot in well-shined British Army shoes has cluttered up the steps of the A.E.F. base section these last few days. Keep your eye on the shoes. They go in airily enough, considering their displacement. They straddle apart while their occupant gives the doorkeeper his name, age, dimensions of the mole of his knee and his favorite brand of cheese. The feet begin to jiggle about nervously. Then one leans on the other for comfort. When the doorkeeper has given the word they march deferentially into an interior office, and the heels click together while the thrill of a 100 per cent salute goes through the Tommy's whole anatomy.

But remember he's a Yank. His feet are fixed at the polite angle for a few minutes, then snap together for another heel click. When they retrace their steps in the corridor and out to the sidewalk, their speed is somewhat slackened and their manner no longer airy.

These Yanks in the British Army have come to London on leave and have applied at the base section for transfer to the A.E.F. But it can't be done. There's no military advantage in it. The men are among friends whether they are under General Haig or General Pershing. It would mean confusion to move them. No, sorry; but it has been necessary to turn down hundreds.

"They Don't Want Me"

"I had a hunch I would be kissed on both cheecks if I came in to be transferred," a Yank Tommy said today. "I've been waiting five months to come here. And they don't want me. Well, I'll be hanged. Here I was imagining they'd give me a commission because I've been two years in the British Army—or at least make me an N.C.O. And they don't want me.

"Well, it really ain't so bad. I can't complain a-tall, a-tall. But I used to get a-thinking in the trenches; pretty soon some of the guys from over home will be along down this trench line somewheres, and maybe some of 'em will be from Minneapolis where I come from. I helped build the motor speedway in Minneapolis. Ever heard of it? No, it's called the Twin City Speedway, and what did St. Paul have to do with it? St. Paul's nothing but a suburb of Minneapolis, I'm telling you. See there—that's how you get gassing with a fellow from back home.

"I don't get altogether lonesome with the Tommies. They're damn fine fellows. But they don't know nothing about Minneapolis and its suburbs, like this St. Paul you was mentioning. And I thought it would be a good way to pass the time, chinning with the guys from back home.

Hankering Gets Strong

"Then when I heard they were at last in the trenches, and I was standing by in our lines at night and thinking that down just a little ways to my right was a whole crew of nothing but Americans, why the hankerin' to join 'em got stronger and stronger in me. And it would have been pretty swell to be a sergeant over 'em 'cause if they're fighting in British style, I know the system to a T.

"I might mention another little thing, and I don't want you to get the idea that I came over here to get rich. You understand that I came over here to fight—to clean up these dirty Boche. Well, us Tommies get something like a shilling sixpence a day, all the same as 30 cents American. Well, I figured I could make good use of about four times that amount, because I was making my good $3 a day back home, and I like to buy some things when I want 'em.

"That's right. Smile. Smile your head off. I thought you'd believe I wanted to transfer for a little more change a day. But I didn't—so help me. And I can't, so let's let it drop."

Ray Baker Arrives

Ray Stannard Baker, of Amherst, Mass., is making our office at 13 Queen Anne's Gate his headquarters since he landed in London. He was one of our liveliest little radicals back home. And you remember how it come out about a year ago that "David Grayson," who used to write those dreamy, pastoral idylls in the *American Magazine* under the general title of "Adventures in Contentment" was none other than Ray Stannard Baker.

You should hear him talk. There's not a bolshevik baccillus in his body. He's all for fighting the Hun liberty-steamroller. He glories in America's jumping into the scrap with all four feet. He has taken it upon himself to assure every Britisher that if they will only hold Germany's hands for a few days longer, that the Yanks will swarm over and end it all with their customary neatness and dispatch.

Boy, Page Henry Allen, of Wichita

If anybody sees Henry J. Allen you might tell him that Willian Allen White is sending an extra copy of the *Emporia Gazette* to this office for him. Or if Mr. Allen will send his French address, we will forward the copies.

While Mr. Allen is working with the Red Cross his friends—the people of Kansas—are electing him governor of that State. Not a speech will Mr. Allen be able to make in his own behalf. Theres' a war on, *and* he feels his first place is alongside the Yanks in Europe. All the parties seem to have agreed on his election, so you might be a little extra polite and call him "Governor Allen" when you tell him about those copies.

Don't forget that the F in A.E.F. means Forces, not Force. And don't write A.I.F. by mistake, unless you want your home mail to land in a regiment of Australians. They're good fellows, but they aren't interested in your letters.

SPRING THEN AND NOW

It's getting to be Spring back in the States now,
It's getting real balmy up in New England,
Though, of course, it's been that way down South for a long time.
The crocuses are just beginning to peep up in the formal gardens,
In front of city halls, and in other places
Where people are paid to take care of them,
And, too, in some places where people just do it
Because they like to.
Pretty soon the boys and girls will be going down to the streams
To pluck pussy-willows, and perhaps to find
The first dog-tooth violet of the season,
And pretty soon the high school botany classes will be let loose
Upon a peaceful and unoffending countryside
To rend it, literally, limb from limb,
Under the supervision of hawk-nosed, female teachers,
Who wouldn't recognize beauty if they stumbled over it.
Ugh!

Pretty soon, too, the law's ban will be lifted from the trout streams.
And many a youngster will be "not present or accounted for",
At school assembly in the morning, but will be off,
Clad in his father's rubber boots and fishing jacket,
Whipping the waters, tempting the speckle-bellies
With many a well-chosen angle worm. And, too,
Lots of old duffers, in banks and other stupid institutions,
Will close up shop for the day and seek the woods,
And lie about their catches when they get home at night.

Ah, oui! Those Springs in the States were great fun,
But you never know what to do with that Spring restlessness
That came on you in those days, all of a sudden,
Over here, though, when that feeling comes on you,
There are plenty of jobs, right at hand; plenty of outlets
For your superfluous energy, stored up all Winter.
There are Boche snipers to hunt for in the treetops
Instead of the birds' eggs that we used to go after;
There is wood to be gathered for the mess-shack fire
Instead of wood for the hut we were always going to build in the woods;
And, too, there is the joy and speculation
As to who'll be the one to spot the first German officer of the Spring
Instead of the first robin.
We don't dig for bait any more—we dig for safety.
And, instead of trying to fool the gamey fish with mottled flies,
We try, and usually succeed, in fooling the Boche
With well-laid-on camouflage.

Ah, oui, again! It's a different kind of a Spring
From any we've ever been through before.
But it's a live one, and an interesting one,
And a hopeful one, and a gay one,
And—best of all the good things about it—
There is nothing to keep us cooped up indoors.
So here's to it! We're for it!
It's Spring!

CARUSO YIELDS TO CHARLIE'S BROGANS

Summer Movies to Succeed Opera at Exclusive Metropolitan

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Just like the able-bodied males of New Jersey, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York has to go to work and work all the year round. Hitherto the great cavernous auditorium has stood silent and dark and lazy for five months of the year, but the announcement has been made this year it will be turned over to the movies for those months. The world of fashion was frozen with horror at the news. It is said that five of the boxholders in the Golden Horseshoe fainted dead away at the thought of Caruso's throat giving way to Chaplin's feet.

The cultured few who think the Metropolitan is really not at its best unless it is presenting a Russian opera so strange and weird that no one will go to hear it are scandalized beyond expression. They say that the first mistake was made when they let their dear Geraldine Farrar make some money on the side by doing "Carmen" for the camera. They feel that was the entering wedge, the beginning of the end.

The movie stars may make three or four times as much in a year as Caruso does, but they cannot charge as much per show, and the populace has been immensely cheered by the news that the scale of prices for admission to the usually prohibitive Metropolitan will descend during the summer to the level of the ordinary pocketbook.

CRITIC'S OWN DRAMA PANNED BY JUDGE

Magistrate Thinks Alan Dale's Effort Belongs in Stable

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Alan Dale, the veteran dramatic critic, is a biter bit. He, who has lambasted more plays on the New York stage than any other living creature, finally decided to write one himself, and even Chief Magistrate McAdoo, who hasn't interfered in the drama since the wild days of "Mrs. Warren's Profession," has taken a whack at it.

This play, which is called "The Madonna of the Future," is all about a lovely girl who is ever so anxious to experience the sacred responsibility of motherhood, but thinks she ought not to be bothered by such further details as marriage and a permanent husband. She airs this view with such gusto that portions of the outraged public repaired at once to the police court, where the Chief Magistrate, in agreeing to entertain a complaint, made this little flight in dramatic criticism:

"The heroine says her highest ideal of maternity is that of the cow. I suggest that the proper place for the play would be a stable instead of a theater, with dialogue by veterinarians."

Dale, at his darnedest, never was rougher than that.

NEW YORK'S MAYOR DOCTOR OF LETTERS

Hylan Out-Gaynors Gaynor As Writer of Tart Epistles

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Mayor Hylan has dawned on the city as another Mayor Gaynor, thereby proving that Brooklyn the place where ready letter writers and creators of winged phrases are produced.

Despite the high cost of news print paper, the newspapers have to give him space daily because of his original remarks that seem decidedly popular.

The city chuckles over the Hylan letter to the Interborough Company, in regard to that concern's gentle request for a six cent fare. The mayor suggests in his letter that the city's partnership in the rapid transit business seems limited to putting up occasional millions. He refers to the intimation that the companies may go bankrupt if they don't get the fare increase and expresses surprise that under the circumstances they should oppose the Bill for municipal ownership.

The mayor has specific notice to city employes who agitate for higher salaries that if any employe, big or little, is not satisfied, the city will give him an immediate opportunity to better himself.

There has been a teapot tempest over the proposal of the Liberty Loan committee to dig a replica of the European trenches in the Central Park meadows as part of the loan publicity campaign. Mayor Hylan tells the objectors that they had better take a back seat until the war is over, and coins the term "art artists" for them. The trenches probably will be dug and the truth seems to be that New York is not wildly scared lest the park be ruined forever.

Unwearied by all these efforts, Mayor Hylan has also called on magistrates to inflict jail sentences instead of fines on city auto speeders. Then, for good measure, he has sent a hot letter about the West Side improvement scheme. And thus he winds up a busy week.

WALL STREET RAID BAGS MANY FAKERS

500 Wildcat Corporations Swindle Even Scrubwomen

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—With the District Attorney's Forces in the Field on the Wall Street Front.—After a violent publicity bombardment the other night District Attorney Swann, aided and abetted by a small force of volunteers picked from a whole office full of volunteers, went over the top of the Woolworth building and descended into the bayou of Wall Street, under cover of a heavy barrage of writs of mandamus, habeas corpus, nux vomica, et al, and bagged a considerable number of wildcat promoters.

The raiding party returned safely, and the captured promoters, who appeared extraordinarily fit and healthy for enemy troops, yielded up valuable information relative to the operations of their kind in the financial sector.

From the information gleaned by this daring raid for prisoners, the District Attorney is able to state that he believes there are fully 500 fake corporations in New York floating the stock of everything from oil to aircraft guns. In fact, he has copped one general financier who confesses to having collected a commission of $250 on each share of stock sold by him—and the shares sold for $350 apiece.

No game, it has been proven by the prisoners' depositions, is too small for the wildcat promoters. They have gathered in the savings of even the scrubwomen of Wall Street. And as for head waiters—

BALL GAME STAGED WITHIN HUN RANGE

Doughboys Play Full Nine Innings Despite Shrapnel Shower

HEAVY HITTING IS FEATURE

Office Bench-Warmers Upset All Dope by Knocking Out 14 to 12 Victory

What was probably the first ball game to be staged by the A.E.F. within home-run range of the Boches' guns, with Hun aviators occupying deadhead seats in the sky, and with shrapnel splinters and other delicate offerings taking the place of the pop bottles and straw cushions that usually wend their way upwards in the course of an exciting contest, took place the other day somewhere along the western front where a certain infantry regiment was resting in between spasms of sliding into Fritzie spikes first.

There were no peanut shells chucked around the lots, but there were a lot of other kinds of shells, and all served hot. There weren't any hot dogs, but up in the sky not far off were a bunch of sausage balloons that almost looked the part. What score cards there were the artillery observers kept. In fact, they recorded some near hits from anti-aircraft guns within 200 feet of the diamond.

But that didn't disturb the contesting nines at all. It wasn't the first time they'd played off the home grounds, and they weren't a bit stage-struck. And as for the attentions which the Boche showered upon them? "Ball!" they'd holler, when a shell came whizzing over their way. "Too high, Fritz; gosh, you're way up in the air!"

All Dope Upset

It was some game, all right, but it upset all the dope. Who would imagine that those calloused and back-bent souls who toil all day and half the night in a regimental adjutant's office could squeeze out to the good at the end of nine innings with a balance of two runs in their favor, winning against such hardy outdoor sons of Mother Nature as a detachment recruited from the pioneers and the signal platoon? But that's what happened. The office-bench warmers put it over the pioneers and the signal platooners by a score of 14 to 12, in spite of the latter's wig-wagging and semaphoring and morseceding from the coaching boxes.

Another way in which it upset the dope was in the time it took to run through the nine innings. The game, despite the shrapnel, the offerings of the aerial gallery and the state of the turf and everything, took only one hour and 40 minutes. And, for a game played by men who haven't had a chance to go south for training, it was productive of heavy stuff. One homer, three three-baggers, five two-cushion clouts, and nine safe bingles constituted the grist of the day's work. Wo said the artillery had a monopoy on the long-range business?

The Muster Roll

To make the story perfectly military and everything, here are the figures and the muster rolls of the opposing nines, together with the game's vital statistics:—

Detachment.		Adjutant's Office.
Moore, Ryan	Catcher	Brady
Ryan, Moore, Robertson	Pitcher	Proctor
Lawrence	1st base	Driscoll
Clages	2nd base	Mangan
Moore	Shortstop	Dietz
Hussey	3rd base	Faulkner
McLaughlin	Left field	Rendini
Mullady	Right Field	Tergensen
Ahearn	Center field	Steinert

The Score by Innings.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
Detachment..	0	1	0	2	2	2	4*	0	1	—12
Adjutant's Office	1	2	2	2	1	2	1	3	x	—14

Batteries.

Detachment—Pitchers, Sergt. Ryan. Corp. Moore, Robertson; Catchers, Corp. Moore, Sergt. Ryan.
Adjutant's Office—Pitcher, Pte. John R. Proctor; Catcher, Pte. M. J. Brady.
Time of game: 1 hour 40 minutes.
Home runs:—Driscoll. Three base hits, Driscoll, Proctor, Ryan. Two base hits, Proctor, Ryan (2), Mangan, Brady; Singles, Brady (2), Dietz (2), Ryan, McLaughlin, Lawrence, Hussey, Fawkner. Hit by pitched ball, Lawrence. Struck out: By Ryan, 3; by Moore, 1; by Robertson, 2; by Proctor, 16. Sacrifice flies, Detachment, 1; Adjutant's Office, 2. Left on bases, Detachment, 8; Adjutant's Office, 5. Double plays, Detachment, 1; Adjutant's Office, 1.

MORTALLY HURT, SERGEANT HELPS WOUNDED MATES

Continued from Page 1

Corps, in commanding a field battery, won the Cross "for bold initiative and prudence" in conducting to a place of safety a party of 69 men who had been repairing and constructing communication lines in the vicinity of Ft. de Manonzillei. When this was done, Capt. Smith went back for a mortally wounded soldier and did not fall exhausted until he had brought him in.

CAPT. PHILIP J. McCAULEY and LIEUT. W. E. WORD, Artillery, conducted the movements of their battery in the action of March 5 near Pexonne, and are credited, along with Lieut. Terrell, with valuable service in sustaining the morale of the men.

CAPT. CHARLES J. CASEY and CAPT. LLOYD D. ROSS showed a special gallantry which won the commendation of their colonel and brigade commander while in command of their companies on March 5 in a two-campany raid on enemy trenceis that was made along wtih French troops.

LIEUT. J. P. ROSENWALD, Medical Corps, who was attached to an artillery regiment during this same action, "twice entered the battery position under heavy fire" in his business of caring for the wounded.

LIEUT. H. H. DAVIES, Medical Reserve Corps, an American surgeon now on duty with the British Expeditionary Forces, is decorated for bravery displayed so long ago as January 8. Under unremitting shell fire, he entered a dugout and stayed there after it had been blown in because there were men there who needed him.

The life of a British soldier was saved because this surgeon was there to amputate his leg.

HELLO GIRLS HERE IN REAL ARMY DUDS

Continued from Page 1

ing a hello girl to do up her hair in twice that time!

The 33 were selected after a drastic combing-out process, after a call had been sent out for 150 bi-lingual operators and had been answered by 1,750 applicants. All 33 are equally at home to "Voulez-vous me doner le Capitaine Blanque," and "Lemme speakta Cap'n Blank, please!" They can answer with "Oui, mon Commandant, attendez un moment," or "Yes, Major, just wait a minute, please." In short, they are capable plus.

A bystander, who hadn't been properly introduced to the group, proffered some chewing gum and was promptly and properly squelched.

When Private Duffy's mail came in
They found a letter from Berlin.
At first they thought they'd shoot him, but
'Twas from Berlin, Connecticut.

PIES AND DOUGHNUTS FOR MEN UP FRONT

Salvation Army Provides for More Than Spiritual Comfort

2500 COOKIES IN ONE DAY

Twelve Huts Already Established Include "Farthest North" Trench Clubs

The Yankee general who first introduced me to the work of the Salvation Army with the A.E.F. was gracious enough to have me to dinner before I spent a night in the American trenches. The dinner was a fair one and ended with a fine apple pie, the first pie I have had in nine months in Europe, with the crust crisp and neatly kneaded just like mother's kind back home.

"You must have conscripted the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria and brought him over with you," I said, smacking my lips.

"No; we owe that pie to the Salvation Army," he smiled, "just as we owe a great deal of the comfort of our men to the Salvation Army."

"The Salvation Army—from back home — with tamborines and bass drums?"

"That same Salvation Army," he said. "Our men in the trenches up here have found a good friend in the Salvation Army: and I say this without prejudice against any other organization. Their attitude toward the boys is that of a mother. When it grows the Salvation Army is going to be the 'Big Mother' of the A.E.F., or I'm mistaken. They treat every fellow, rough or refined, as if they loved him. You have only to read the soldiers' letters, as we do in censoring the mail, to realize how much the Salvation Army has done for our boys—and how much they would miss its peculiar ministering care.

"Captain ——, before you go up front with Mr. Bye tonight, take him over to the Salvation Army hut, please, and let him have a talk with the ensign."

A Safe Road to Traverse

This was brigade headquarters where I was dining. In the deserted village roundabout came the Yanks for a rest on their relief periods. As we stumbled down the road in the black night, the earth shook occasionally with the violent shock of an American battery going off "in a bunch." Ugly splashes of light came with these gun bursts. The Huns were sending nothing over at the time, so the road was not deserted. We found clusters of Yanks strolling along in the same direction we were going. Intermittently we could hear a throbbing of bombs.

In a large wrecked barn, covered over with canvas and queerly lighted by two large oil lamps, we found the Salvation Army host to a chattering crowd. This place probably will be famous in memoirs some day. David Belasco could not have found lamps or rough tables or otherwise sketched a setting as gripping as this "battle parlor." Nor could he imitate the realism of that disturbance in the trenches just down the road.

Too close to the firing line to be comfortable, here was a happy party in full swing. The hut was packed, too crowded in fact for the many demonstrations of how a certain important bomb was thrown and how a certain critical long point jab was sent home.

Open All the Time

"And how long is this place open?" I asked them. All the time, they answered. This was their club. They could come in at any hour and light up the lamps. It wasn't very classy, they said, but it would be better when the Salvation Army had more money to spend.

"You ought to tell what fine work these people are doing over here," one private from Brooklyn suggested. "I don't know what we'd do without them. Did you know that this is the last place down the road? The Salvation Army is even closer to the trenches than headquarters!"

Certainly I had never seen women as close to the firing line on any front before. Are they closest to the hearts of our boys because they are closest to their dangers? Then I talked with the staff of three at the hut, two women and one man. One of the women is young and beautiful, beautiful with the beauty of goodness. She said they had established the hut shortly after the boys marched up to the trenches. Her parents had allowed her to go to France because they believed she would not get in the actual bullet zone.

"And see where I am now," she beamed. "Yes, the shelling does get on my nerves at times, then I think how much worse is the lot of the boys down the road in those swampy trenches. I think I have had my worst fright at night when the jarring of the guns shakes our pans and kettles off the table. You know, we sleep right back there, and those pans make a horrible racket when they fall."

Cookies, Doughnuts, Pies

There were a number of "those pans" in sight. In them the two women make cookies, doughnuts, and pies for our boys—the kind of things they liked to eat back home and that you cannot send over wrapped in packages—and these Salvation Army huts are the only places where they can be found in Europe. There are 12 of them on our front, and the number will soon be doubled.

On the day I was there the two women had found time, when not ministering to the men, to make 1,500 doughnuts, 2,500 cookies and 50 pies, not including countless cups of coffee. I hope I am giving no military information when I say that the doughnuts, cookies and 49 of the pies disappeared in jig time. The fiftieth pie would have gone the same way, but it was reserved for the general's mess.

"The boys are just dear," said the Salvation Army lassie. "The ensign and I act toward them just like mothers. In fact, quite a few call me 'ma' and I'm proud of it. Sometimes some of them are at the point of tears—not from fear but from desolation. Perhaps they were expecting a bunch of letters from home, and none came. That's when we can be most helpful. The work of the Salvation Army is usually among people who want to cry."

"When do you hold services?"

"Not very often," she replied. "We simply try to be good to the boys. If any of them want to talk of God and their souls, they find us ready enough. But this is usually just a quiet chat with one or two of them. They are all fine boys, and I don't think they have to worry much about their souls, do you?"

GEORGE T. BYE.

TO THE KID SISTER

You were only a kid, little sister,
When I started over the sea.
But you've grown quite a lot since I came here.
And you've written a letter to me,
And nobody knows that you wrote it—
It's a secret—and we'll keep it well,
Your brother and you and the ocean,
And nobody's going to tell.

You were only a tot when I left you.
I remember I bade you goodbye
And kissed you, a little bit flustered.
And you promised you never would cry.
But I know that you cried, little sister,
As soon as I'd gone out the door.
And did I cry myself? I'm a soldier,
So don't ask me anything more.

I think of you often, kid sister—
You're the only kid sister I've got—
I know you'll be good to your mother,
And I know that you'll help her a lot.
And whenever she seems to be gloomy,
You've just got to cheer her somehow.
You were only a kid to your brother,
But you're more than the world to him now.

ONE YANKEE UNIT WEARS FOURRAGERE

Trench Mortar Section Must Come Again to Achieve Decoration

In its issue of March 15, THE STARS AND STRIPES printed a story concerning the awards of *Croix de Guerre* to American troops serving on the Chemin des Dames front, in which it was said of the work of a certain trench mortar section:

"The whole section is cited by the French. This probably means the *Fourragère*. It will be the first *fourragère* won by the Americans."

A correspondent informs THE STARS AND STRIPES that it is in error there on two counts. He points out that, to win the *fourragère*, a unit must be cited twice, and in Army, not in corps or other orders. As this was the first citation accorded the trench mortar section, it will have to—as it doubtless will—repeat its former feat of bravery in order to qualify.

The other count—one of interest to the whole A.E.F.—is this: The *fourragère* has already been won and is worn by Americans. *Section Sanitaire Americaine* No. 5—646, attached to the French Army, is the fortunate outfit. THE STARS AND STRIPES extends its congratulations to the ambulance unit thus honored, and is sorry indeed that it did not know of the receipt of the decoration before.

THINGS ONE LEARNS ON THIS MAN'S PAPER

That the highbrow dramatic critic of an exclusive periodical can stuff cotton in a shell-shocked guy's ears and bind up a busted jowl for him with the best of the medicos.

That the wild-eyed marine cartoonist can make himself useful as well as ornamental by painting signs such as "This Road Is Under Fire: Keep Off'n It," and "This Fountain Water Is the Best Available, But UNSAFE."

That a guy who put in four years on a super-highbrow New England daily's copy desk can still, after that trying experience, concoct a headline with some zip in it.

That a bird who practiced at the newspaper profession in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento is willing to concede that Paris has it on at least two of them.

That the gink who used to write nutstuff by order for frivolous night city editors to gloat over and kill can occasionally deliver himself of a serious contribution—under threat.

That the champion base-port parlor snake of all France can work the same tactics on metropolitan baggagemasters and *chefs de gare* and get away with it.

That a Q.M. sergeant is actually able to do something practical, such as straightening out circulation.

That a force of British compositors is not only able to set up American humor, but also really able to improve on it, at times.

HEARST BOOM RIDES WAYS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Everybody is wondering who will run for Governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket. District Attorney Swann is still apparently in the running, but a quiet boom was launched last week for William Randolph Hearst—in the same Brooklyn political center, be it noted, where the Hylan mayoralty boom was launched.

Prophecies of last fall, which included Director of Railroads McAdoo among the possibilities for the gubernatorial nomination, seem to have vanished into thin air. Secretary McAdoo is busy with other and more important things than politics, as are the other likely candidates.

SIGMA CHI DINNER POSTPONED

Owing to the inability of the United States Minister to Belgium, Brand Whitlock, to be present as the guest of honor, the monthly dinner of the Sigma Chi Fraternity men in France will not be held on April 6 as announced. The new date of the dinner will be given later.

ARMY M. D. TURNS COUNTRY DOCTOR

American Medico Cares for Health of Many French Villages

A.E.F.'s WELFARE INVOLVED

War Has Taken Civilian Physicians from Large Part of Our Billet Area

Artistic fitness would decree that the doctor to the civilian population in such a town as this should make his rounds on horseback, an old grey mare preferred, and carry his instruments and medicines in a saddlebag. It is an aged little village of stone houses, practically all facing on one long main street; a little square and a town pump in the heart of it. Four-fifths of the population, barring a company of American soldiers who are billeted there, are old folks and women and children. In short, it is a typical billet town, a little way back of the western battle front.

But the doctor to the townsfolk of Billetville is a modern of the moderns—an American Army medico in O.D. with a caduceus on his collar. He makes his rounds in a Ford touring car which bears the words, "American Red Cross" on its sides in red paint stencil. A chauffeur and a trained nurse accompany him. He covers more ground in a morning than a saddlebag doctor would attempt in a long day.

The explanation of all this is that the health of the civilian population in a billet town is a matter of considerable importance to the American Army. Just how important may be judged from the fact that in one village chosen for billeting the doctor found 70 cases of measles in a population of 400, and that in others they have discovered meningitis. Few of these small towns have local physicians. Some of them never did have any. In others the war has taken the doctor into army service. The largest town in the district has, at present, only one civilian physician. The army doctor fills these wants. The Red Cross furnishes everything else that is necessary, a central hospital, nurses and internes, cars and ambulances and medical supplies.

Making Rounds of Villages

In each of 21 villages such as Billetville lying within a radius of 50 kilometres of the central hospital, the American Medical Service for the civilian population rents a room for consultations. Here, twice a week or more, the doctor on the route reports for a sick list, then makes his rounds of the village.

He is the particular friend of mothers and children and ailing old folks. There is only one sort of case with which the population will not, as yet, trust him. That is childbirth. French mothers still cling to the old custom of having the midwife bring their babies into the world.

The central hospital is on a hillside in the outskirts of the largest town of the district. Ten small wooden barracks house the hospital's four wards. About half of the patients at present are children. One of the most pitiful cases is a little fellow who was disfigured and blinded by picking up a hand grenade. He makes no more complaint about his troubles than the others, but sits in a camp chair, out in the sunshine, as stoically as a wounded poilu.

Most of the cases are not particularly serious. Much of the doctors' work consists in treating the ordinary ailments of childhood.

Heartiest Sort of Welcome

The civilian population has given the American doctors the heartiest sort of welcome.

In one district a local physician complained that the Red Cross had treated one of his patients and was trespassing on professional preserves. As the A.M.S.C.P. is careful to try to avoid doing anything of that sort, the town in which this patient resides was stricken off the calling list.

A week later it was put back again at the request of the Mayor and almost the entire population. The townspeople proved that no point of ethics had been involved and that the Americans had been doing a service that never had been rendered to the town before.

AND HER HAIR TURNED GREEN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—A lady—a perfect lady—has sued a beauty parlor specialist for $5,000 damages. The damages, it seems, consisted in the guaranteeing by the beauty doctor that he could change her gray hair back to black. Instead, he made it green.

While that might have been all very well if the lady were to go around making speeches before the Clan-na-Gael—which she isn't—it isn't all very well when she just has to live around Manhattan. In her petition, the lady claims that green hair is not fashionable, and that she objects to being made to resemble a suburban front lawn.

THE FRIENDLESS BONNET

Slim—Speaking of that overseas cap, do you like it?

Hank—Not any more than my face, but God gave me one, and the Government the other.

A HAIR RAISING WHEEZE

M.C.: What d'ye think of my mustache?

Q.M.: Not bad; that is, for a new issue.

UNCLE SAM TO AUSTRALIA

(In reply to the verses from "Aussie," the Australian soldiers' magazine, welcoming Uncle Sam to the Western Front, which were reprinted in a recent issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES).

We thank you, old Aussie, and here's our hand on it!
To know guys like you is a pride:
The cut of your jib, and the slant of your bonnet
Show there's plenty of guts 'neath your hide.

You're spick-and-span sojers, and fighters as well,
As we've gathered by readin' about you;
And we know it will be a damn cold day in hell
Ere the Hun from a sector can rout you!

Yes, we're "absolute glad that we've joined in the fray
And have jerried to Fritz's true light";
And, with your mighty help, we will blast Fritz away
And on Kaisers and such put the blight.

We know you've seen scrapping these three years of war:
We are proud to belong to a race
That numbers such men who, despite mud and gore,
Will ne'er to the Boches give place.

We've learned that kind dealing is lost on the Hun,
And that squareness is not in his line;
So we're after the pelt of the son-of-a-gun
Whom we swear to drive back o'er the Rhine!

We're glad to hop over the trenches with you,
For we couldn't have comrades more splendid:
May Australia's flag and the red, white and blue
Be on top when the conflict is ended!

So thank you again: you have cheered us a heap
By your verses of welcome so jolly:
The war may be long and the path may be steep
But we're in to the finish, by golly!

BELGIAN VETERAN FED ON BEET-ROOTS

Alumnus of a Ghastly German Prison Rejoices to Find France so Full

In the lobby of a certain Paris hotel, looking out across the square, you can find any day now a weary old Belgian merchant whose years have almost reached the Scriptural three-score-and-ten and who is trying vainly to banish from his thoughts the poisonous memories of a German prison camp where, with thousands of others of many nationalities, men and women, soldiers and civilians, he was held captive for more than a year. Now, separated from his wife, who is at their home in Brussels, he is helplessly waiting the end of the war.

Mr. X was dragged off to Germany, because, as a matter of principle and on the strength of the Hague conventions, he refused to give up certain possessions the invaders of his country demanded for the use of their army. Of course, they took the possessions anyway and they took him, too, as a horrible example to such of his neighbors as might also happen to have inconvenient principles.

Purposeless Brutality

In his prison he lived on boards and papers and dined on beet-roots and water, but, because he was well over 60 and seemed older, he was not forced to work for his captors nor did anyone ever strike him. But others in the camp were less fortunate and he will tell you he would never have believed a human being capable of the obscene and purposeless brutality it was his lot to see practiced on the helpless inmates of that camp.

If beet-roots and water were his only fare, the people of the country seemed to fare little better. Their loose hanging clothes and pinched faces were eloquent of the want abroad in the land. These same ghastly conditions he observed in the cities he glimpsed on his way to the frontier when his release was finally effected.

WHO TOOK THIS TOP'S BORROWED BICYCLE?

We Can't Do This with Every "Lost" Ad — Besides, It May Not Work

FOUND—One top sergeant still possessed of a sense of humor. Rather, one acting top sergeant: to hope for a reg'lar top with a penchant for japery would be to expect the impossible. Acting top he is, of Co. K of the —— what did you say its name was?—Infantry: and this is what he writes us:

"Inasmuch as I have read all of the one copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES which has come this way, I consider myself a constant reader and entitled to make unreasonable requests.

"Therefore, would you mind stating in your next issue, if you don't care to get out a special edition containing this dope, that if the fellow who swiped a bicycle I borrowed the other night will drop me a line giving me his address, I shall be glad to send him a receipt for 250 francs I paid the owner to keep from being prosecuted to the full extent of the law, whatever that is.

"I believe the bike, when new, cost fully *cinquante francs*. Antiques, however, are of course more valuable than articles which carry a disgusting shininess around with them."

'Tis done. Here it is, stated in our next issue. We'd "get out a special edition containing this dope" if it weren't for the facts that we're trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, in addition to getting out the regular number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, i.e., this one. But there are the facts: and if the miscreant, wretch, felon, ne'er-do-well, rogue, jackanapes, thug, embezzler, near-Boche, culprit, and all around naughty-naughty who swiped that bike doesn't come across in short order, we'd appreciate knowing about it.

There you are, Sergeant Murray Chin. Does that strike your august fancy?

(P.S.—We know how you feel. They've swiped 'em on us, too.)

BONDS NOT TRANSFERABLE

Liberty Bonds subscribed for under the Army allotment system are not transferable until the payments are completed, according to a ruling from the War Department recently received at G.H.Q., A.E.F. No transfers of bonds from the party designated on the allotment form will be permitted unless such transfers are necessary because of the death of the designated party, or for similar reasons, the ruling adds.

The approval of a soldier's organization commander, together with a statement of the reasons that make the transfer necessary, is essential in each case before the change will be permitted.

The Stars and Stripes

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FRIDAY, MARCH 29, 1918.

THE FIRST D.S.C.s

To the first winners of the Distinguished Service Cross, the new American decoration awarded for "extraordinary heroism in connection with military operations against an armed enemy," the proud reverence of the A.E.F. goes out. The deeds of these men are glorious deeds.

The doers merit the honor and the congratulations they have received. But it is the A.E.F. that is honored most, in the possession of those men.

BELGIUM

Most of us in the A.E.F. have, by reason of our geographical situation in France, seen too little of our Belgian Allies. We know that Belgium is still on the battle line; that her gallant little Army, after nearly four years of gruelling punishment, is still clinging staunchly to that little strip of territory to the northwest—all of Belgium that remains untouched by the Prussian tiger's talons. But we all of us recall, with reverence and awe, the nobly defiant answer which her King gave to the Hun in 1914, the gallant defense of civilization which she made in the dark days of that fateful August.

France we know and love and respect by reason of our battle-comradeship with her fighting men. England we know and love and respect by reason of what we have seen of the manner of men she sends forth to war on sea and land, by reason of common ties of blood and language. But let us not forget for a moment what we, in common with France and England, owe to Belgium, who braved extinction that we might be warned and saved. And, recalling that, let us plunge into our task with renewed zeal—for the victorious completion of that task means the restoration of Belgium, the righting of the hideous wrong that was done her, the securing to her forever of the place among nations that is hers.

Our hearts go out to her. Our heads bow down in reverence as her tattered standards pass proudly by. Our spirits are quickened at the thought of what she has done, and our nerves are steeled at memory of the injuries she has suffered. The heirs of those who fought for freedom at Lexington salute those who fought for freedom at Liège. Their cause is the same.

LET'S GO

Nothing is more stimulating to a soldier than the thought that his country is solidly behind him. We will feel better over here and fight better if we know that every able-bodied man in the United States is "doing his damnedest" to help us win.

New Jersey, Wes; Virginia and Maryland have passed laws making loafing illegal. Loafing is too expensive for a poor man, so the law can be directed at but two classes—the idle rich and the hoboes.

The rich, as a whole, have vindicated themselves in this war. Nearly every battalion in France has its millionaire or millionaire's son. They were among the first to come, they are among our best soldiers. But there are always some shirkers, and these will be the sufferers by the new measure.

Three States have passed the compulsory work law. Some of the shirkers have gone to work—and some have left for other States. Let the other 45 States pass the same law. Let it become impossible for a non-producer to exist in the United States.

Work ought to be the fashion now for men who can't fight, overalls the style for men who don't wear navy blue or khaki.

DOWN WITH "SAMMIE"

A Sammie may be defined as an American soldier as he appears in an English newspaper or a French cinema flash. It is a name he did not invent, does not like, never uses and will not recognize. When he sees it in the papers from home, it makes him sick. The American doughboy has had his baptism of fire, but he has not yet been christened.

The name "Sammie" was ineffectually wished on our troops the day of their arrival in France. The French soldiers had been "poilus" and the British "Tommies" since long before 1914, but, like the Australians, the Americans arrived nameless in France. It was not long, to be sure, before the gallant band that sailed from under the Southern Cross had become known the world around as the "Anzacs," but this was used so fulsomely after Gallipoli that the boys themselves acquired a distaste for it, and of late have taken to describing themselves as "Aussies." "Aussie," then, is now the fashion, and some day the A.E.F. will, literally, make a name for itself. Some day it will find a substitute for the unsatisfactory, the really painful, "Sammie."

When, in the fullness of time, the American Army has been welded by shock and suffering into a single fighting force, with one mind, one heart and one spirit, the American soldier will find his name. It will be the inspiration of some ambulance driver, perhaps, or the outburst of some eloquent cook. It will strike the fancy of a passing guard and be forwarded through military channels like a sentry's call. Wounded boys will carry it back to base hospitals and ammunition train drivers will spread it to the base ports. Some reporter will hear it at some distant bar and put it into the story he has to write that night. It will be printed in America. Paragraphers and cartoonists and vaudeville comedians will use it. It will be caught up at home and in the training camps. The name will be fastened on. The American soldier will have been christened. He does not know now what that name will be. He simply knows it won't be "Sammie."

EASTER IN WAR TIME

This is the first war-time Easter for us Americans. True, we entered the war on Good Friday of last year, and were technically in the war by the following Easter—technically, but not practically. Now, however, that a goodly number of our troops have received their baptism of fire, now that our Navy has put in its days and nights of vigil far out at sea, now that our nation, from coast to coast, has thrown itself heart and soul into the great task of keeping us and our Allies in the fight, we may truly call this our war-time Easter. We are in—in to the finish, and we know it.

Easter is the time of hope. Easter is a festival of joyful fulfilment, of even more joyful promise. It is the one feast of all the year that symbolizes the triumph of man's soul over the things that would batter it down to "the prison house of death." There is no reason why a war-time Easter should not be as hopeful and of as joyful promise as one celebrated in time of peace. There is every reason why this particular war-time Easter should be particularly hopeful and promissory of joy and peace to come.

"And again He shall come with glory to judge both the living and the dead; of Whose kingdom there shall be no end." Thus speaks the creed which tells most fully the message of Easter. He will come to judge the living who have championed His cause—the cause of justice and freedom—and to judge, in His infinite mercy, those who have died in defending that cause. And no man who lives or dies striving to bring about His peace need fear His judgment. The Christ loved and preached peace; but He loved justice and freedom more, and for them He laid down His life. Our fight is His fight; His peace, when it comes, will be ours.

"THE YANKS ARE COMING"

The new song beginning, "The Yanks are coming," would be more popular over here if it were not about ourselves. It would be egotistical of us to sing it too much. But there is no over-stating the strength of those four expressive words.

The Yanks are coming! They are—and the only people who appear to doubt it are the Germans.

A neutral visitor in Germany described to a London *Daily Mail* correspondent the other day the conduct of the people in Mannheim when five British bombing aeroplanes, mistaken for American, were sighted. He said:—

"Suddenly, all the factory whistles started blowing, the sirens hooded, and in a few seconds there was a great rush of women from the works. *'Ach Lieber Gott! Es sind bomben!'* (Good heaven, it's bombs!) they shouted; and scattered in a panic in all directions, bolting like rabbits for bomb-proof shelters. A few people remained just outside the shelters gazing into the sky. Four or five aeroplanes were visible. Presently somebody exclaimed, 'They are American.' One woman began to sob. Another screamed aloud, 'The Americans!'

"A Dutchman who, I suppose, was employed in the works, called out, 'There now, what did I tell you? I told you the Americans would come sooner or later. Now you see them!'"

There is a striking parallel between the song and the exclamation of that frightened woman, "The Americans!" And there is food for speculation.

What would happen in Germany if the Germans really knew "The Yanks were coming"—and coming strong?

And, what will happen in Germany when we do start?

ARE YOU A CRICHTON?

Once upon a time the gentle Barrie, whose earnings as a writer have been poured into the British hospital work since first the war was on, wrote a comedy called "The Admirable Crichton." Crichton was the perfect English butler, unsuspected of any further powers by the great folk of the household where he served so silently and so well—unsuspected until that household set sail in a yacht and was cast away upon an uninhabited island. That was life suddenly reduced to its simplest terms, life uncomfortably different from the soft one they had all known in London, a life full of new dangers and new problems.

It was a painful emergency, and emergencies bring their own readjustment of values. Here was plain and desperate need for leadership by someone not with assigned power nor inherited power but with real power. Here was need for resourcefulness and nerve—unlimited nerve. Then it was not Lord So-and-So nor the young master nor any of the great folk who took command but Crichton—the quiet Crichton.

America is coming to Europe, and steadily, silently, with a change here and a change there, day by day this readjustment of values is taking place. You have seen Barrie's comedy enacted a hundred times since you went into khaki—in camp back home, on the transport at sea, on the march in France. It does not matter what you were in America. It does not matter just now what you would have become in America. What are you in Europe? Who are the Crichtons in the A.E.F.? The emergencies will tell.

The high private in the rear rank who tries to assume command by making frank, little suggestions to the Colonel may find the process a trifle discouraging, but in an emergency, any voice can be heard. And way up front, under the fire of the German guns, there is not a man to whom, though he may now be the lowest form of human life in his sector, there might not come, in some great hour, the chance to lead his company.

The Listening Post

LINES ON TAKING A NEW JOB

When I was a civilian in the typing days of peace,
I spilled a column daily, *sans* vacation or surcease.
I whittled many a mournful wheeze and many a halting rhyme
To cop the fleeting jitney and to snare the elusive dime.
I jested by the carload and I frolicked by the bale,
When I used to write a column on the
New
York'
Mail.

The years continued flitting, as the years are wont to do,
Until one New Year's Eve I went and shifted my H.Q.
I wrote a ton of trifles and a mass of metric junk
To give me daily ammunish for my Barrage of Bunk.
Oh, many a paragraph I pulled and many a sassy squib,
When I ran a daily column on the
New
York
Trib.

Goodbye, O dull serenity! Ye days of peace, farewell!
I went—oho!—to fight the foe and hear the shot and shell.
Yet once again I find that I must hurl the merry josh.
Though I now command a column set against the beastly Boche.
But the grandest, proudest job I've ever had among the types
Is this job to run this column in
THE
STARS
AND
STRIPES.

They had one of those pre-season games at home the other day, the Dodgers and the Red Sox—or, as they are slangily termed, the Brooklyn Nationals and the Boston Americans—engaging. The result was the season's first box score. Doubtless we shall miss going to the games, whether we actually attended or only, like most of us, read about them in the papers. But here is the non-detachable silver lining: The peppiest of the sport writers at home have jumped to the real Big League—they are in the Army. In a certain Atlantic Port, frexamp, eight of the gifted scriveners will not titillate their typewriters at the Polo Grounds this season. One is a major, two are captains, two are lieutenants, and details of the others are not at hand.

It can't be much fun in the press-box this season, among a lot of total strangers.

Speaking of box scores, our objective is the line: Germany out, England to America to France.

Note: The preceding paragraph obviously should be referred to the Base Censor.

NINE 'RAHS!

Then give three cheers, and three times three, For the gallant winners of the D.S.C.!

It takes all kinds of out-of-luckness to make up life, including that of the man who, one morning in 1897, because French came at nine o'clock and conflicted with geometry, took German, because it was scheduled for eleven. *Donnervetter!* not to say *Nom d'un Chien* and Curse the Luck!

March 24 will be known henceforth in Paris as Bomb Sunday.

To one who from his Listening Post heard the Hudson Terminal, the Western Union, and the Woolworth Buildings go up, rivet by rivet, the noise of the bombs and shells is the soft murmur of a lullaby. Sweet and low, sweet and low, bombs of the Western Front!

Thirty-three telephone girls have landed from the United States. Or, as the telephone girls themselves would say, thirty-thr-r-r-ree.

BLESS HIM!

A bird I like
Is Bennie Herman:
He never quotes
From General Sherman.

"Michigan," observes the *Chicago Tribune*, "won the most points and was declared the victor in the meet." Which proves that things have not changed much at home. The winners of the most points still are returned victors.

At one point the shell made a small breach of 1m. 50cm. in a wall. When it falls on a building it is barely able to wreck one story, and the hole made by it in the ground is quite small. Of course, it is better to avoid getting in the way.—The Herald.
Ah! our course is now clear.

THE SOLDIER'S CREDO

This war is bomb and shell and gun:
I like it.
Sometimes it isn't any fun:
I like it.
At times you're lonesomer than sin:
You miss your girl, you miss your kin:
It's the toughest game you ever were in—
I like it.

In response to no letters and no telephone queries, the answer is given Yes, this department welcomes the work of contribs. BUT—please don't tell us that G. Hunger runs a delicatessen shop in Brooklyn, or that Burns Bros. are in the coal business.

FRANCE FLICKERINGS

***News are plentiful these nice spring days.

***Now is the time to subscribe to THE STARS AND STRIPES.—Adv.

***Subscriptions are coming in elegant these pleasant days.

***W. Hohenzollern of Potsdam is way behind with his spring ploughing.

***This place is filling up with boys from home. Welcome to this nation, say we.

***Bert Blanko, the well known aviator, made a flying trip through Somewhere Junction Thursday on business.

***Corp. Dash of North Somewhere was out buggy riding last Sunday afternoon. Ah there, Celeste!

Private Eddie Gazish, of Thoid Avnoo, N'Yawk, is explaining to Private Jock MacTavish, of the Glenartney Highlanders, the intricacies of New York pronunciation. He recites, to instance a case, the w.k. lines:

"Pretty Goity Moiphy, she coit'nly is a boid:
She lives on Thoity Foist Street, not far from Thoity Thoid.
She reads the Evening Joinal, she reads the Evening Woild:
Some goil is Goity Moiphy, whenever her hair is coiled."

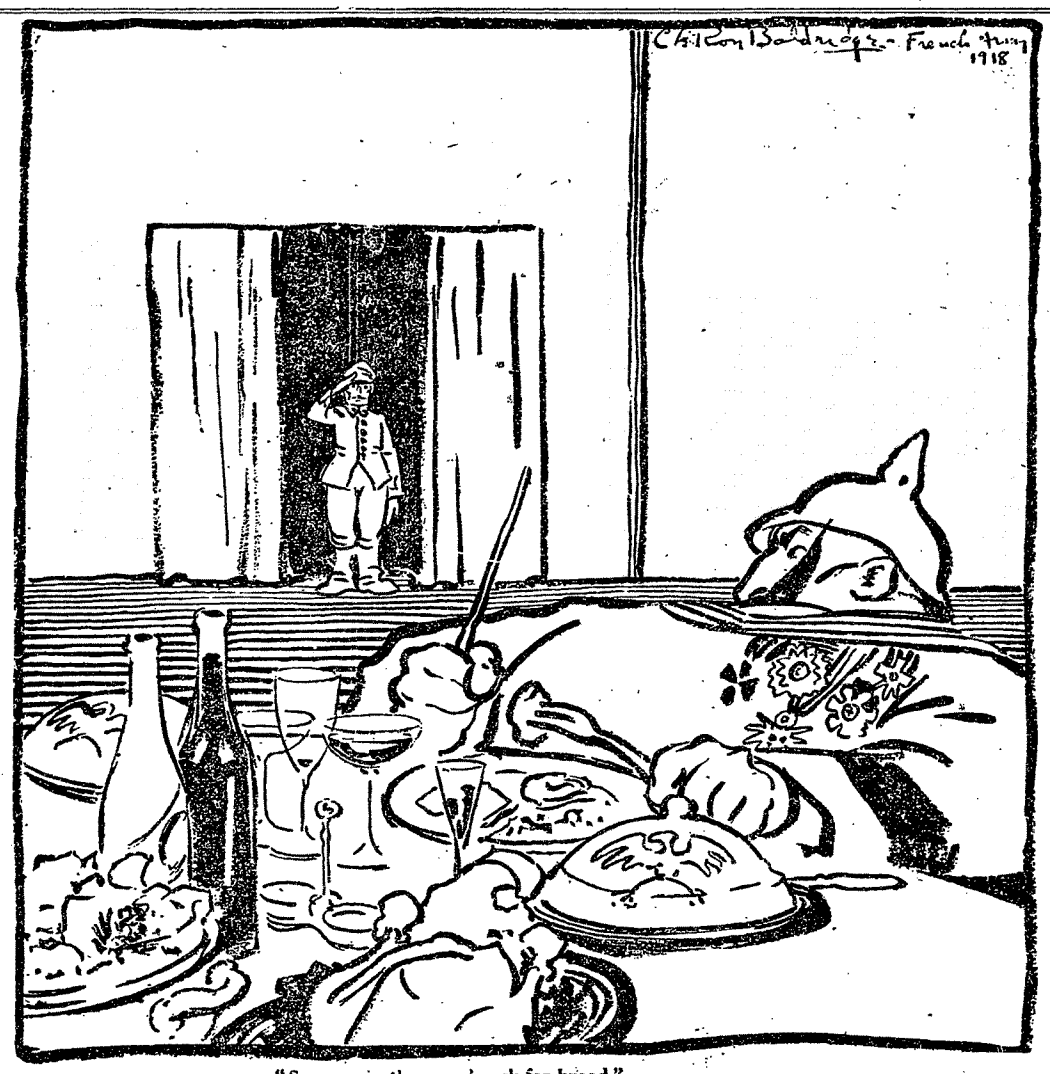
This amused Private MacTavish greatly. And he retailed it to his comrades. Thus:

"Pretty Gurr-rrty Murr-rrphy, she cerr-rrtainly is a burr-rrd:
She lives on Thurr-rrty Furr-rrst Street, not far from Thurr-rrty Thurr-rrd.
She reads the Evening Jourr-rrnal, she reads the Evening Wurr-rrld:
Some gurr-rrl is Gurr-rrty Murr-rrphy, whenever her hair is curr-rrled.

As The Listening Post's artillery expert understands the Huns' new long-distance gun, it has plenty of speed, but no control.

After all, life in the Army isn't so different.

It's just one darned column after another.
F. P. A.



"Sire, again the people ask for bread."
"Well, well, kerl: issue a thousand more Iron Crosses."

"NO GLOOM" IS RIGHT

Under the chading, "No Gloom in Paper Pershing's Men Edit," the *New York Times* of February 28 has these things to say of the initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

"Copies of the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force in France, have arrived in this country. It came out for the first time on February 8 and will be issued regularly on Fridays.

"In size and makeup it is a typical metropolitan newspaper. The sheets are about an inch longer and half an inch narrower than those of the *New York Times*, and the first number was of eight pages and carried 14 columns of American, English, and French advertisements.

"It is a real newspaper in its news contents. It covers the Expeditionary Force in its news columns very thoroughly. Its spirit is noticeably more cheerful than that of most newspapers. It gives the impression that the Expeditionary Force is a lighthearted organization."

The *Times* then goes on to quote at length from "To The Folks Back Home," the open letter of the editorial page of the first number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, which defended the A.E.F. from the ill-founded charges that made their way back to the States some time ago, and which have been amply disproved and their bearers discredited since then. The *Times* calls the article "a word of advice to gloomy people at home."

Among other articles to which the *Times* gives special mention are the one describing the plan under which the leaves of the A.E.F. are being conducted; the description of the warehouses and refrigerating plant situated "somewhere in the L. of C."; the editorial on "Spies and Asses," which is quoted to a considerable extent, and the editorial commendation of the Y.M.C.A.'s decision not to accept as workers in France any more men eligible for military service.

At the conclusion of its review, which occupies the greater part of a column, the *Times* gives the price of individual copies, and of subscriptions, the business address of the paper, and the personnel of its staff.

DR. BRAUER'S DOPE

Disparagement of German-Americans on the part of semi-official lecturers in Germany, in an effort to explain the loyalty of German-descended Americans to the United States, is part of the stock-in-trade of German internal propaganda nowadays. Two clippings from German papers, containing reports of such lectures, give interesting proof of this.

According to the *Oberschlesischer Anzeiger*, of Ratibor (in Upper Silesia), under date of January 15, 1918, a certain Dr. Brauer spoke in disparaging terms of the German-Americans. He said, in substance, that an Anglophile press financed by British gold was responsible for their "attitude"—meaning their failure to prevent America's entry into the war.

Further than that: Dr. Brauer divided Americans into two classes—those who emigrated before 1870 and who, therefore, had no conception of the glories of the modern German Empire; and those who emigrated after 1870, who came from the lower classes of German society, and who (to quote the doctor) were on that account of no importance. All German-Americans, he added, had been influenced by the "prejudice in America against German militarism, the personality of the German Emperor," and "incorruptible" German officialdom.

Fraulein Schmidt Pauli, according to the *Hamburger Nachrichten* of March 1, 1918, delivered a similar lecture at Hamburg, in which she declared that "the attitude of the German-Americans was not difficult to understand if it were remembered from what classes of German society emigration to America had taken place in the nineteenth century." Which was a polite way of saying that only the lowest classes were represented in America.

Efforts to explain German-American loyalty to the United States—apparently a highly painful matter to official Germany—are constantly being made throughout the length and breadth of the empire. The foregoing are typical specimens of the methods that are being pursued.

DRAFTED MILITIA OFFICERS

Upon the draft of the National Guard into the Federal service officers thereof become officers of the United States Army and can thereafter be discharged only under Section 9 of the Act of May 18, 1917. Paragraph 19 Special Regulations 55, War Department, 1917, does not apply.

THE FIRST EASTER

ST. JOHN, 20

THE first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.

2 Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and to the other disciple, whom Jesus loved, and saith unto them, they have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him.

3 Peter therefore went forth, and that other disciple, and came to the sepulchre.

4 So they ran both together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter, and came first to the sepulchre.

5 And he stooping down, and looking in, saw the linen clothes lying; yet went he not in.

6 Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie,

7 And the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

8 Then went in also that other disciple, which came first to the sepulchre, and he saw, and believed.

9 For as yet they knew not the scripture, that he must rise again from the dead.

10 Then the disciple went away again unto their own home.

11 But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre.

12 And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.

13 And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.

14 And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.

15 Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.

16 Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.

17 Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.

18 Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.

19 Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.

20 And when he had so said, he showed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.

21 Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.

22 And when he had said this, he breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost:

23 Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them: and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained.

24 But Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.

25 The other disciples therefore said unto him, We have seen the Lord. But he said unto them, Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my finger into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe.

26 And after eight days again his disciples were within, and Thomas with them: then came Jesus, the doors being shut, and stood in the midst, and said, Peace be unto you.

27 Then saith he to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing.

28 And Thomas answered and said unto him, My Lord and my God.

29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

30 And many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book:

31 But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through His name.

HOW THEY'RE GETTING ON AT HOME

BY A RECENT ARRIVAL

I know a woman in Terre Haute, who, when I left, had a little cold; and a man I rode next to on the Sixth Avenue Elevated in New York had dandruff; but generally speaking I can say that the folks at home are well. They had a tough winter; make no mistake about that. It was just as chilly for the rich as for the poor; I saw ever so many who lived in fine apartments on Riverside Drive and Park Avenue, New York, who shivered during the cold spell, and whose landlords couldn't get coal for them at any price. Some of them grinned and bore it, and some of them beefed and bore it; but they did bear it.

Take the theatrical managers. When the coalless Mondays went into effect, the theaters were closed for one day a week, but were permitted to give an extra matinée, so that the total number of weekly performances remained the same as before. Well, when the order was first published the managers objected. They saw, they said, the ruin of the American stage, not to say the permanent flop of the show business. But the show business failed to flop. Instead, the theaters did a bigger business than before. I can't prove this, but I saw the statements of two Broadway plays, and they bore out the truth of this. When the heatless days were abolished, some of the managers again objected.

Nor are the folks at home starving, any more than we are. Practically everybody—housekeepers and restaurants—has signed the Food Administration card, and, with the exception of a gluttonous slacker or two, adheres to it. And the folks like it. The corn flour muffins we were getting about the time I left were better than any white bread I ever dipped in my coffee.

Wages are unusually high and business, as a rule, is good. As Mawruss Perlmutter would say, I seen it better and I seen it worse. The clerks in the stores average older than they used to; most of the peppy boys are in the Army. Nowadays the musical shows print the chorus men's names on the programs and, if they are more than 31, their ages. And sometimes their serial draft numbers.

By and large, the folks are going about their business. The one thing they are interested in is what we are doing over here, and how we are doing it. Whom we are doing it to they know.

There come times over here when we miss them acutely—times even when we envy them what we are pleased to call their comfort. And there are times when they miss us, and, how they do envy us! I have heard hundreds of goodbyes said in the last three months, and those who are left behind deem us who are chosen to go the fortunate ones. Some even refer to us, as they grip us by the hand the day or the week or the month before we embark, as You Lucky Guy.

Which we are.

SEEING THE DOC AIN'T WHAT IT USED TO BE

Army Methods Differ from Those of Home Town M.D.—You Don't Get a Bill the First of the Month, for Instance

'Member going to see the doctor in the States? Not a cheerful performance at best, was it? No? But going to see the doctor—beg pardon, the lieutenant or captain—in the Army in France is something else again. (Voice: "You said something there!")

Back in the States, getting in to see the doctor was as tedious a process as going on guard. You were ushered in by a darky boy in a bartender's uniform, or by a nurse in black gown, white apron and cap, into a sort of receiving room where, amid the files of all the defunct magazines from the Martin Van Buren to the first Cleveland administration, you sat in solemn state and awaited the ordeal.

On the wall above you was that pleasing picture by Mr. Rembrandt, "The Autopsy," with all those leering Dutch medicos in their black campaign hats squinting impolitely at the innerds of a very defunct Dutch gentleman. Ugh! You shuddered, and wondered if the doc was going to pull off some such stunt on you.

More Scenery

Shifting your eyes, your gaze fell on a lot of diplomas, written in Latin as far as it would go and English the rest of the way, designed to put you hep, if you knew Latin, to the allegation that the doc, in spite of his calling, was a good scout and knew something about his job. If you didn't know Latin, you just read the doc's name in English on the diplomas, and the name of the secretary of the university that let him loose on the world.

The rest of the time you spent in wondering why he left up the 1900 vintage calendar over in a corner, and speculating as to the date when the visitors' parlor was last swept out.

Neurotic females snuffled and shuffled what wind is left in your sails after that greeting. "I'm sick—honest to goodness, I am—couldn't sleep a wink all night, and ——"

"Hump!" snorts the Top. "Been drinkin' some of that cider, eh? That's enough to put any man on the bum. That sorter stuff don't go!"

"Ain't had a drop o' cider since payday," you retort, getting hot. "Honest, I tell ya, Sarge, I'm bloocy! No kiddin'!"

He Eats 'Em Alive

The Top looks you over and through and through. Somehow he doesn't seem impressed, but, after mumbling something about a too all-fired sick list for the outfit, he puts down your name. Then he proceeds to eat up alive the other unfortunates who have answered sick call. If any of them survive, he puts down their names, too.

He sends out his company clerk to find a non-com of sufficient presentableness to take the sick report up for the Skipper to sign. After about a half an hour spent in the search, the non-com comes back, and reports that the Skipper can't be found. He then, amid much profanity from the Top, proceeds to take about a half an hour to find the first loot, who is next in line. If he finds him, your little band of sick pilgrims gets started in the direction of the infirmary about an hour later.

Once there, you stand in a line out in a draughty hall. Regulations provide that Army infirmaries and medical offices shall always be placed in the coldest, dampest and most thoroughly unsanitary buildings in the village occupied by the troops they are supposed to serve. There are no pictures to rest the eye on; nothing but a stray sign saying "Keep Out," and another saying "Infirmery," for orderlies are never very long on

And He Asked To Be Treated for Sore Feet!

in other corners of the room. Old white-waistcoated gentlemen lifted feet gingerly, as if the rheumatism or the gout troubled them. Mothers tried to hush inquisitive offspring as they romped merrily about the somber premises. And over all was a subtle odor of some deodorant, so called. You sometimes get a whiff of it up front, when the Boche goes into the gas distributing business.

Into the Chamber of Horrors

After about an hour and a half the darky boy or the nurse peered out from behind some folding doors and stage whispered you to step forward. Your hour had come. With a last clutch at your already overclutched hat, you stepped into the chamber of horrors, as steadily as you could.

At length, you faced the doctor. He generally wore a beard, in which to store up the excess microbes that emanated from you. He wore, if his practice afforded it, a frock coat and glasses and spats and all the other emblems of gentility. If he was a young doctor, he didn't. Young doctors are lucky to be able to wear anything.

But, no matter how formal his appearance, the doc was usually polite and kind. You stated your ailments, helped out now and then with an encouraging word, with an expression you had forgotten but which helped to explain your case, with a kindly smile that heartened you to go on. You got an idea that the doc was interested in you—if only in the size of your roll. In short, you were considered innocent until you had proven your guilt.

"Um!"

"Um," the doctor would say, stroking his facial landscape gardening, when you had concluded your tale of woe. "That's too bad; quite too bad. Let's see what can be done about it. You had better lay off for a couple of days, at any rate. Take this prescription, and get it filled and administer one of the tablets internally every hour and three-quarters, varying them with the powders I will also prescribe for you. Then, about three days from now, you might come in and see me again.

"My impression is that you are rather badly run down. You must have been overworking. Take it easy from now on. Get plenty of sound sleep, and eat regular and wholesome meals. A few days' rest, in an even temperature, ought to put you on your feet again."

Cheered by such words as that, you departed, got the prescription filled, and took the dope if you felt like it. But you always followed the advice that prescribed complete rest. Wasn't it the doctor's orders?

* * * * *

But in the Army? You know the song: "Wake up in the morning, feelin' mighty ill;
Go to the hospital to get a quinine pill.
And if the doctor kills you, he doesn't give a dam—
He's only doin' his duty by good ole Uncle Sam!"

Yes, seeing the doc—beg pardon, the lieutenant or captain—is a very different proposition when you're in this man's Army. To begin with, you don't go to see him on your own hook. Oh, no! First, you've got to get by the Top.

You hurry through a breakfast that pains you every inch of the way going down in order to get up to the Top's office at sick call. The minute you get inside the door—

"Well, whattell you here for? Tryin' to get outer the hike?"

"Honest, no, Top," you begin, with spelling. You grow restless. You feel that you would almost welcome a sight of Mr. Rembrandt's grim realism again.

In You Go!

There is no place to sit down, unless a crate of pills happens to have been recently opened. In that case, you may be able to share a corner of it with some fellow sufferer. There are no magazines to read — not even those that triumphantly announce the swearing in of Andrew Jackson, as there were in doctors' offices at home. There is nothing to do but to swap ailment gossip with your next-in-lines. That is cheering. Also, it helps you to rehearse your own tale of woe.

Finally, the non-com in charge of your detachment hollers out your name in stentorian tones. In you go, and come up to attention before the khakied gentleman with the twisted grapevine on either side of his neck.

"What's the matter with you?" he begins.

You tell him, although you know it's no use. If it's on your outside, he'll turn you over to an orderly to paint it with iodine. If it's on your inside, he'll tell an orderly to give you a coupel of C.C.s. But, just on the chance that he may like your face and your salute when you come in, you tell him—that is, as much as he will let you. It's never very much.

Sentenced!

In short, in the Army medical practice, you are adjudged guilty until you prove yourself innocent. To prove yourself free from blame for having contracted what you have, you have to answer such questions as:

"Where were you last night? What have you been eating? Why didn't you change your socks when you came in? How long have you felt that way? Why didn't you come in before?" (You want to say that you didn't dare, but dismiss it as sounding fresh). "Where do you feel it?"

The cross-examination over, you are handed over to an orderly for your C.C.s or iodine, as the case may be. You feel low and miserable and altogether you look forward to a day in quarters by the old stove, resting up and getting into shape. But, on your way out, you glance over the clerk's shoulder at your company's report. And there, opposite your name, are the two worst hated words in the Army: "Light duty."

Light duty! You know mighty well what kind of work your Top considers light duty. With a heavy heart, you snail your way back to the Top's office to get all that is coming to you, trying to hum as you go:

"You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow;
You'll never get well, on this side o' hell,
You're in the Army now!"

DO THEY?

The boob has been sitting in a Y.M.C.A. shack, listening to a lecture by Sir Henry Somebody, M.P. After a while he nudged his neighbor and remarked in a stage whisper:

"Say, Buddy, I'm a son-of-a-gun, but that's the first time I was wised to it that the English dress up their M.P.s in frock coats and spats!"

"He ain't a M.P.!" snorted the Buddy addressed. "That handle of his'n stands for Member of Parliament!"

"Oh," responded the boob, a great light dawning. Then—"Well, I'm a son-of-a-gun! Do they furnish them with uniforms, too?"

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE CAPTAIN

He's got the longest pair of legs that ever came to France,
And when he takes us on a hike, it's sure a merry dance:
He's got the longest mem'ry, too; 'cause when we ask for leave
He always has a Something on our records up his sleeve.

He likes to get up early and check up on reveille.
And if the turnout isn't prompt, there's nothing he can't say:
He blisters all the late ones, right before the whole command—
And say! That man can handle scorching language simply grand!

It's "Squards right!" after breakfast, with no let-up until noon:
The next thing, he'll be working us beneath the blasted moon.
It's "Squads left!" after mid-day chow—police, fatigue and such
Till everyone is eager for a stretcher or a crutch.

But up in front? The Skipper's There! He keeps us peppered up
By jollying and ragging us; bonquets what's made by Krupp
May fly around his dome all night and bust his snooze all day—
He goes his rounds, and quizzes guards, all cheerful-like and gay.

It's hell-for-leather all the time if you would follow him,
He's always three good jumps ahead, with punch and pep and vim.
But if I ever re-enlist, I think that I will try
To get into *his* outfit, for he's one real human guy!

HORSE GOOD AS NURSE FOR WOUNDED CAPTAIN

By NORMAN P. DRAPER
Correspondent of the "Associated Press" with the A.E.F.

In the ward of an American hospital at the rear of our sector to the northwest of Toul, a horse stuck his head through a window opened to admit warm, spring-like air and by his presence cheered up a wounded American officer. The officer had asked to see the animal and it was brought from the line by an orderly.

For some months now the officer has affectionately cared for his mount. Before the artillery unit to which the officer belongs moved up to the line, he and the horse were together every day all day and sometimes all night. They understood each other perfectly.

Then came the move to the front, and for several weeks the officer did not get many chances to ride, there being work to do with batteries trained on the Germans. Then came an American raid on the enemy lines, with its barrage and enemy counter-battery work.

In the Thick of It

The captain was in the thick of it, and during the time when German shells were falling heaviest around our guns, he was obliged to go out into the open to give orders to some of his men. A shell dropped near and exploded and a splinter tore into the captain's chest. Three days later he was in an evacuation hospital within sound of his own guns and declared to be in a dangerous condition. It was feared by his friends that he would die.

However, his strength and excellent medical attention have pulled him through until today, when, according to the surgeons, he is on the road to recovery.

This other morning he called to the nurse and said that while he was feeling fine, he would feel still better if he could only see his horse.

"Here's the Captain's Horse"

The orderly spoke to the ward doctor. The ward doctor spoke to the surgeon in charge of the hospital. The surgeon in charge of the hospital 'phoned to artillery headquarters. And soon after an orderly came galloping up the road to the hospital and dismounted.

"Here's Captain von Blank's horse," said he. "The captain wants to see him."

So orderly and horse were led around to a window in a long low building. Three windows down they stopped. The orderly looked in and saw his captain lying on a cot just inside.

"Good morning, captain," he said. "I have brought Bill around."

The wounded captain's face broke into a smile.

"Have him stick his head in," he ordered.

Bill Needs No Urging

But the horse had heard a voice he knew and he put his head inside the ward window without any urging. There was his master lying flat on his back, a small bandage around his head where just a little piece of rock had hit. And pinned to the pillow of his cot was a little bronze cross suspended from a green and red ribbon—the *Croix de Guerre*.

For half an hour the wounded captain talked to the horse, calling him "Old Boy" and "Old Man" and feebly stroking the animal's soft nose. The horse apparently understood, for he kept his nose as close as possible and stood perfectly still. He only moved his head once or twice and then it was to rub his nose against his master's palm.

The surgeon standing nearby motioned to the orderly after a while and the horse's head was withdrawn from the window. The orderly rode him away—back toward the batteries. The captain watched the window for a minute or two and then said to the surgeon:

"Well, I feel better. If Bill can come 'round every day, I ought to be moving about in a week or so."

So Bill—he isn't the kind of horse that the Army calls an "artillery plug," he's a real American horse and looks it—probably will be a regular hospital visitor for some days to come.

THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

The Quartermaster Corps
Is a non-combatin' crowd,
An' it isn't much excitin'
Fer th' man who likes it loud:
But it's got its own hard work t' do,
An' they'd all be on th' floor
If it wasn't fer the noncombatin'
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Sheds no glory or renown,
But it's got the grub that keeps you
Comin' back when you are down:
An' th' Infantree an' Cavalree
Would all be on the floor
If it wasn't fer the non-combatin'
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Is ol' Jimmy-on-the-Spot
When it comes to gettin' chow
To th' line where things are hot:
Why, the boys up in the trenches
Would all be on the floor
If it wasn't fer the non-combatin'
Quartermaster Corps.

The Quartermaster Corps
Don't use bayonets or guns,
But they do a mighty lot o' work
To help clean up th' Huns:
So here's something to remember—
You might all be on the floor
If it wasn't fer the non-combatin'
Quartermaster Corps!

—William C. Pryor, Sgt., Q.M.C.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION
Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

Dear Miss Info:—I am a young infantryman, 19¾ years old. When I left the States the Jane I was going around with steady promised to write me every day. I don't get letters from her every day. Is she unfaithful to me? Yours, X.

Dear Boy,—You're no blooming curiosity. Nobody gets letters every day in France except the Quartermaster and the Post Office Department. They're making a collection of them. Private collectors of letters, such as yourself, are just plain out of luck.

No, most certainly the Jane is not unfaithful to you. She has undoubtedly written you every day, just as she said she would. But she would have an awfully hard time if she were called upon to prove it.

Dear Miss Info:—I fell in love with a girl just before I left, without having a chance to tell her about it. I am a little bit shy of writing and telling her, because such things look so different in plain black and white, and besides, the Lieutenant who censors my stuff would get wise and probly kid the pants off'n me. What shall I do? Bashful.

Write her by all means, dear, loyal lad! The Loot who reads it won't know the difference. The chances are he was young himself once, if he isn't already. As for the way the young lady will take it, you should worry. You won't be around when she reads it, so what do you care? Anything goes in war-time.

Dear Miss Info:—I have been writing my girl, regular as hell, big long letters descriptive of France and everything. Last week I got a Christmas box from her that contained nothing but Bull Durham tobacco. Do you think she meant for me to infer that I was full of Bull? Ought I to resent it?

Perplexed.

Certainly not! She probably doesn't know what full of Bull means. Anyway, don't resent it until you're sure of getting a tobacco supply from somewhere else.

Dear Miss Info:—I have fallen in love with a French girl, and don't know how to break it to my old girl back home. What shall I do? Baffled.

Don't break it to her. Just quit writing. She'll catch on, in time. They all do.

Now April dances into view,
With laughing eye and brow serene:
She hums a springtime song for you,
From lips incarnadine.

FOR THE KAISER: APRIL SHOWERS---OF SHELLS

She brings again the baseball days,
Where, perched upon the bleacher's top,
We slide again to boyhood ways,
And gurgle soda-pop.

COOPER GOES WEST, BUT MAY NOT STAY

Former Phillies' Outfielder Frightens Los Angeles Club Owners

LAJOIE CAN'T SEE ROBINS

Toronto Player Issues Strong Denial When Brooklyn Announces His Purchase

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Claude Cooper, former outfielder of the Phillies, who has been sent to the Los Angeles club of the Pacific Coast League, shocked the owners of the Angels into an almost fatal condition by demanding a salary of $7,000. This is only $1,000 more than was offered. The owners now are being nursed back to consciousness and murmur that they will see Cooper in a place a whole lot warmer than Los Angeles before they will pay his price.

The Louisville club of the American Association has purchased pitcher James Parnham from the Baltimore club of the International League.

The preseason series between Pittsburgh and the Athletics at Jacksonville, Florida, started with a victory for the Pirates. The score was five to four.

The New York legislature has put the Sunday baseball bill on the regular calendar, which is regarded by the fans as a delicate way of burying it for another year.

The Brooklyn club announced that it had captured the minor league prize of the season by purchasing Napoleon Lajoie from Toronto for $3,000. Lajoie promptly issued a denial, saying he has promised to manage the Indianapolis club this year and considers the Brooklyn club clear off the map.

Manger McGraw at his Marlin training camp released Catcher Jack Onslow to the Kansas City club of the American Association. Manager Ganzel of the Kansas City team has arranged with McGraw, it was announced, to take over all the surplus talent of the Giants.

The New York Yankees, training in the south, beat Camp Wheeler's best team by a score of 14 to 1 at Macon, Ga. The big hitters for the Yankees were Pratt and Bodie. Pratt hit safe four times out of five up and drove in two runs. Bodie made two singles and a double and drove in three runs.

There is the usual frantic excitement this week among baseball scribes over the critical baseball situation. Specialists in postmortems are insisting that the International League has quit, but International authorities have refrained from announcing the funeral, if there is to be one.

SHARP BARGAINING IN BASEBALL MART

Big League Managers Put in Busy Season Swapping Lineups

So many trades were made in the big leagues during the winter months that the fans over here will hardly be able to recognize some of the major league clubs. Following is a list of the deals closed to date:—

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Pratt, second base, from St. Louis to New York; Plank, pitcher, from St. Louis to New York; Gedeon, second base, from New York to St. Louis; Maisel, second base, from New York to St. Louis; Shocker, pitcher, from New York to St. Louis; Cullop, pitcher, from New York to St. Louis; money involved $15,000.

Shotten, centerfield, from St. Louis to Washington; Lavan, shortstop, from St. Louis to Washington; Gallia, pitcher, from Washington to St. Louis, money involved $15,000.

McInnis, first base, Philadelphia to Boston; Cady, catcher, from Boston to Philadelphia; Gardner, third base, from Boston to Philadelphia; Walker, centerfield, from Boston to Philadelphia. Manager Mack's assorted selections.

Schang, catcher, Philadelphia to Boston; Bush, pitcher, from Philadelphia to Boston; Strunk, centerfielder, from Philadelphia to Boston; Gregg, pitcher, from Boston to Philadelphia; Thomas, catcher, from Boston to Philadelphia; Kopf, centerfield, from Boston to Philadelphia; money involved $60,000; Bodie to Yanks for Binns by Athletics.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Alexander, pitcher, from Philadelphia to Chicago; Killifer, catcher, from Philadelphia to Chicago; Dilhoefer, catcher, from Chicago to Philadelphia; Prendergast, pitcher, from Chicago to Philadelphia; money involved $50,000.

Williams, centerfield, from Chicago to Philadelphia; Paskert, centerfield, from Philadelphia to Chicago.

Doyle, second base, from Chicago to Boston; Wilson, catcher, from Chicago to Boston; Tyler, pitcher, from Boston to Chicago; money involved $15,000.

Doyle, second base, from Boston to New York; Barnes, pitcher, from Boston to New York; Herzog, second base, from New York to Boston.

Cutshaw, second base, from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh; Stengel, centerfield, from Brooklyn to Pittsburgh; Mamaux, pitcher, from Pittsburgh to Brooklyn; Grimes, pitcher, from Pittsburgh to Brooklyn; Ward, leftfield, from Pittsburgh to Brooklyn.

PING BODIE WITH YANKS

Francisco Pizzola, better known to the baseball fraternity as Ping Bodie, finally has landed where it was intended he should some time back. The fates, it would appear, had destined Ping for the New York Yankees, but they were thwarted several times. Captain Huston tried to get Bodie last year again, but he was talked out of it and the fence buster remained with the Athletics. With the lowly Athletics, Ping made good and it looked as though the White Sox pulled a "boner" when they let him go.

In giving Bodie for George Burns, Connie Mack has weakened his outfield to get a good first base guardian, as he needed a man badly after Stuffy McInnis was traded to the Red Sox. Ping, a happy-go-lucky player, should make a hit in New York, and his presence should also be a financial asset to the club, as he is a drawing card.

Terry McGovern's estate was valued at only $10,000 at the time of his death.

Charley White, Chicago, stopped Joe Uptegraff in two rounds at Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

RAY SETS INDOOR MARK

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Joie Ray, the great Illinois Athletic Club sprinter, holder of the 1000 yard indoor championship, made a new indoor record for the three-quarter mile run at Madison Square Garden.

He made the distance in three minutes, four and four-fifths seconds, wiping out the record of three minutes, seven seconds made by Joe Driscoll in 1913. Ray continued to the mile mark in an effort to break that record also, but failed, his time being *four minutes, 19 and four-fifth seconds.*

An excellent race developed between Ray, Mike Devaney, of the Boston Navy Yard, national half mile champion, and Eddie Fall, of the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, conference champion and record holder. Devaney took the lead and opened a 15 yard gap on Ray. He continued to lead the field at the end of the fourth lap, but Ray took the lead *in the fifth and* went like the wind, winning by 25 yards over Devaney, with Fall a poor third.

DOUGHBOY CORPORAL ANXIOUS FOR BOUTS

Will Take on Yanks While Awaiting Go With Frenchman

There is a corporal in Company K —th Infantry, A.E.F., who is anxious to fight.

That in itself is nothing new. Everybody in the ——th Infantry is anxious to fight the Boche, and fight 'em proper, as, in fact, is everybody in the A.E.F. But wherein this corporal differs from the rest of the gang is that, in addition to his perfectly natural desire to fight the Boche with fist and bayonet and *automatic and rifle and machine gun* and all the rest, he is simply itching to take on some one of his fellow Allies at the grand and good old game of hit-and-get-away in the squared circle.

His name is Johnnie Boyle—Corporal John F. Boyle, to be military about it. Just a little while ago he took on Kid Caressy of the 77th French Infantry, and, in the opinion of one of his mates who has written in about it, he could have stowed away the Gallic Kid most *any time he felt that way.* He—but let his friend tell it:—

"Boylie, however, is a generous soul, and, besides, he needed exercise. So he danced through five rounds blithely, kidding the Frenchman as he went. In the sixth, Boylie began to cut loose, and the French champ, after inadvertently running into a straight left, and assuring himself that it was real gore that was running down his face, said 'Damn' or whatever it is the *French say* when they feel that way, and quit."

The Frenchman, according to Friend Booster's story, has promised to return in a month or so and take the corporal on for a few more rounds. But, while awaiting the solicitous attentions of his glorious Ally, Corporal Boyle—again according to Friend Booster—"wouldn't mind providing a little mild excitement" for any other ambitious members of the A.E.F.

The Corporal fights at 118. Therefore, those of you who have that approximate zero weight, step forward!

SPORTING COMMENT

The recent death of Billy Madden removed from sporting circles one of the leading old time figures in the boxing game. Madden gained his greatest notoriety when he handled John L. Sullivan. The last battle he arranged for John L. was with Paddy Ryan. Madden and Sullivan then had a disagreement and fell out. Madden started out to find some one to whip Sullivan and staged a big heavyweight tourney, Charley Mitchell was the result of this tourney.

Madden's last actual ring work was when he handled Sailor Burke, the middleweight, and Al Benedict, who gained fame as an amateur and later made good as a pro. Madden, however, was disappointed in Benedict's work and finally dropped him. Although Madden and John L. had a misunderstanding, still Madden always admitted that Sullivan was entitled to the world's championship, which so many people disputed at that time.

Dick Burge, at one time one of England's leading scrappers, died gamely when his time came recently. He was 52 years old when he passed in his checks as a result of wounds received in battle against the Boche.

Burge had little early education and had to make quite a fight to get up in the world. He ran away from home when a lad, joining a traveling troupe of acrobats, and was taught to tumble. While out on the circuit, he met an old negro boxing expert and Burge decided to learn the game. He soon became proficient in it and when his show reached Northumberland a new champion had just made his appearance. Burge gained the decision over him and was a made man.

His climb was so rapid that most men would have become dizzy. He was lightweight champion of England in a short time and then he won the world's title.

From the topmost rung Burge fell to the bottom of the ladder when he became mixed up in the "Liverpool Bank Scandal." Although many claimed he was innocent, he was forced to undergo a prison term.

Later on, Burge became a boxing promoter, his biggest bout being the famous encounter between George Carpentier and Gunboat Smith.

When the call came for men Burge, although over the age limit, enlisted and was a sergeant in his Majesty's service at the time of his death.

Archie Hahn, former world's champion sprinter, who won the 100 meter races at the Olympic games at St. Louis in 1903, and who has been coaching the athletes at Brown University, is coming over to France within a few months to act as athletic coach and director for the Y.M.C.A. Since he took hold of athletics at Brown, this institution has been a real factor in college sports. The Y.M.C.A. is looking for a hundred coaches like Hahn to help train our soldiers over here.

TWO CITIES WANT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT

New Orleans Bids $30,000 for Willard-Fulton Match

JESS MAY REJECT OFFER

Sporting Writers and Promoters Are Enthusiastic Over Prospect of Big Scrap

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—The Louisiana Auditorium Company, of New Orleans, in whose arena Fred Fulton recently knocked out Frank Moran in three rounds and jumped prominently to the fore as a championship contender, has offered $30,000 for a match between Jess Willard and Fulton to be staged some time next fall, 20 rounds being specified as the length of the bout.

Whether the offer will be accepted by Willard is doubtful. Jess is inclined to consider such trifling sums mere chicken feed in a billion dollar era like the present. Enthusiastic promoters point to the fact that Willard and Fulton together weigh nearly a quarter of a ton and should present a spectacle as thrilling as two war tanks in a duel.

New Haven also is making stabs at staging a bout between the two heavyweights, but has not coughed up a big enough bank account yet to talk business. In the meantime, sporting writers throughout the country are worked up over the prospects of a match for the heavyweight title, and the adherents of each fighter are prophesying feverishly that each man is sure to lick the other.

New York's anti-boxing law and the tendency in certain parts of the country since the beginning of the war to lift restrictions on the squared ring have produced a situation which is making New York boxing fans indignant. The once proud Empire State, they assert, is becoming a nursing bottle community.

Philadelphia is one of the cities which is not lamenting. This city was edified this week when Irish Patsy Cline, of Harlem, met a brother New Yorker, Jimmy Duffy, before a crowded house and plastered him artistically for six rounds. Duffy ate the punishment and returned for more, but Patsy always had more steam ready and punched Jimmy into a hard knot.

Jack Britton, of Chicago, former welterweight champion, knocked out Vic Moran, of New Orleans, in the sixth round of a scheduled eight round bout in Minneapolis.

R. M. Sedgewick won the Harvard boxing championship title in the heavyweight class this week, defeating F. C. Fishback on points in a three round match.

CHARLIE ROSE HERE GETS OLD TIME JOB

Trainer of Freddie Welsh and Carl Morris Keeps Hospital Gay

Charlie Rose is in the Army. The maker of champs, the trainer of Freddie Welsh and Carl Morris, and a number of others, is now a private, first class, in the Medical Department, U.S.A. His present address is Base Hospital No. 9, A.E.F., France.

Charlie is kept busy at his old job, though. His C.O. has made him a sort of physical trainer, both to keep the men of his outfit in shape and to have them furnish diversion to the patients in their charge by staging innocent little boxing bouts. He has had a busy winter of it —yes, he's one of the "veterans." When the impromptu ring goes have threatened to lapse into the quiet sector stage, Charlie has donned the gloves himself and gone over the tapes. He was no slouch as a lightweight glove manipulator himself, a few years ago.

Johnny Coulon, bantamweight champion; Freddie Welsh, lightweight title holder; Cyclone Thompson, one time head of the middleweight class; Jack Britton, welterweight; Frank Klaus, middleweight; Gunboat Smith, one time white heavyweight champ; Harry Stone, Australian welterweight champ—these are a few of the men of whom Charlie has had the handling in training. He was going to come back to New York, after the Fred Welsh-Charlie White bout at Colorado Springs on Labor Day last, and open a gymnasium of his own; but instead, he opened an account with the U.S. Quartermaster Corps, gents' furnishers, and took one of their fine khaki suitings "on approval." He still has it on.

CAMP UPTON CHAMPS

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—The Camp Upton finals for divisional championships was held this week before a crowd of soldiers so big as to break the heart of a promoter counting possible box office receipts.

Benny Leonard was referee. The boys fought like wildcats and spread American blood over half of Long Island.

The featherweight championship was won by Hank Schroeder, of the 605th Field Artillery. The lightweight title was won by Richie Ryan, of the 325th Motor Truck Company. Joe Tiplitz, of the 306th Infantry, annexed the welterweight title.

Tex Kelly, of the 379th Motor Truck Company, took the middleweight honors in a fierce fight. Wild Bill Brennan, of the 304th Machine Gun Battalion, annexed the light heavyweight belt, and Corporal John Gaddi, of the 306th Infantry, was the victor in the heavyweight class.

STAR SHELLS

By Q.M. SGT. STUART CARROLL, Q.M.C.

THE HARBINGER

I know that April's batting now,
I know that Summer's on the way.
Because while coming home from chow
I saw a chimney sweep today.

* * *

And now Eddie Plank blossoms out with his annual "I'm through with baseball" statement. Shame on you, Eddie, shame all over you. Don't you know you're the one plank in the platform of the national pastime that can't wear out?

* * *

Spring having officially begun in the States by presidential proclamation, we'll wager francs against centimes that Dame Nature sends 'em a few feet of snow by way of April Fool greeting.

* * *

Since Iowa University is to add canoeing to its athletic curriculum, drastic measures should be taken to prevent the Freshman from inquiring as did his granddad years ago, of the fair co-ed, "I can row a boat—canoe?"

* * *

LINES TO MY SICK BUNKIE

O, you, who lie between real sheets,
With naught to vex or worry,
Whose every little whisper meets
A pretty nurse's hurry,
I wonder, do you realize,
While lying prone and level,
That you appear, in my wee eyes,
To be a lucky devil?

You speak of egg-nog, made for you
By pretty hands and tender,
And in it drops of "mountain dew"—
Ah, I, too, should surrender
To any sickness, great or small,
Could I, excuse the commas,
Be there within that spotless hall
And clad in your pajamas.

Yes, you're correct, she is a peach,
And so it's not surprising
That every time she's within reach
Your fever's ever rising:
And when she holds your freckled wrist,
Your eye may wonder past her,
But there's no doubt, I must insist,
Your pulse is hiking faster.

I think I shall get sick today,
Perhaps the doc will send me
Out where the pretty nurses play—
I'll ask for yours to tend me;
For yours, who brings egg-nog and "Vin",
Whose mine is May or Minnie,
Who smashes hearts and rest tubes in
Your ward at Rue Puccini.

M.P. NINE BEATS Q.M.C.

The Military Police can stop about anything that comes their way. The provisional company of Military Police in Paris proved not long ago that they can do it on the diamond as well as on the street. For they trounced the nine of the Q.M.C., also stationed in Paris, by a score of 11 to 7.

Base and insidious reports to the effect that the Q.M. boys intend to get even by holding up the M.P.'s issue of cottons and summer lights until next November are hereby declared to be enemy canards and absolutely without foundation. The Q.M. gang wants to get even, but not that way. They want another game.

And the chances are, they'll get it.

MIKE DONOVAN DEAD, DEAN OF U.S. BOXERS

Famous Pugilist Carried Gun in Civil War Before Entering Ring

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 28.—Mike Donovan, famous old time pugilist, and long an instructor of boxing at the New York Athletic Club, died at the St. Francis hospital here this week of pneumonia. He was 72 years old.

Donovan was regarded as the dean of American boxers and no one, it is conceded, did more to elevate and popularize the sport. He was middleweight champion when John L. Sullivan was a raw youngster. He fought, to a draw, the longest glove fight on record with Billy McClellan at San Francisco.

Even before entering the boxing game Donovan was a fighter. He carried a musket in the Civil War under both Grant and Sherman.

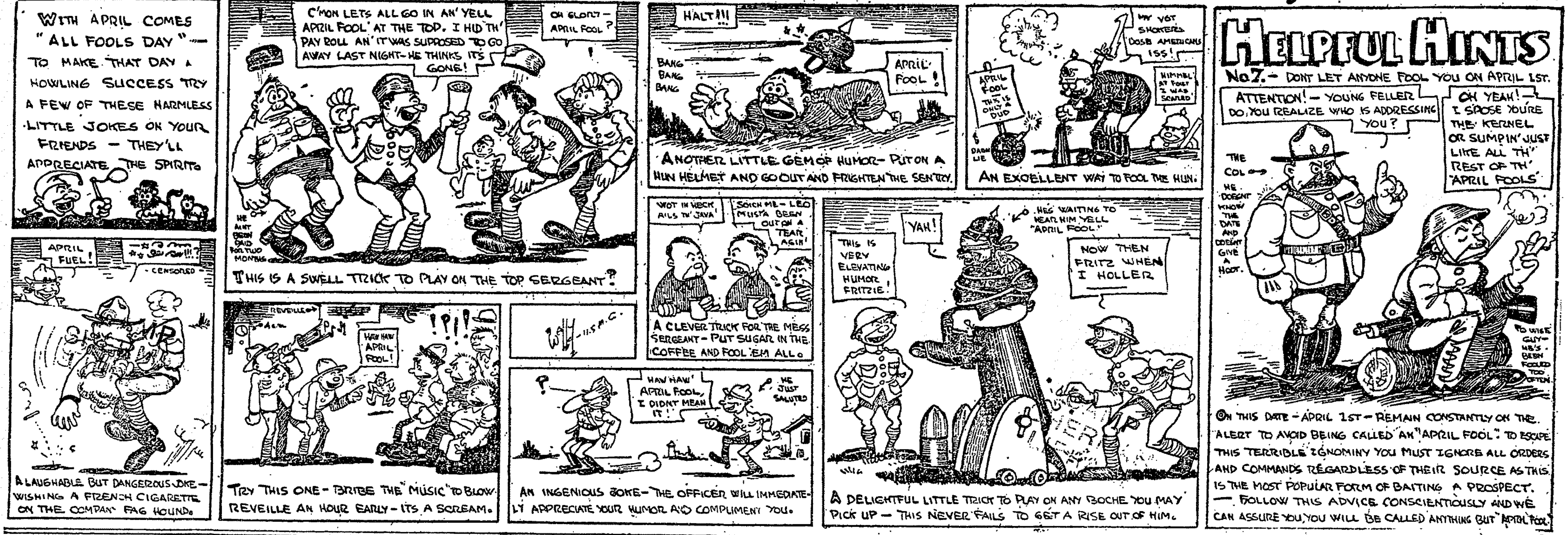
The venerable boxer was boxing instructor to Theodore Roosevelt when the latter was President, and afterward wrote a book about Roosevelt. He also gave lessons to August Belmont, William K. Vanderbilt, Thomas F. Ryan and a host of others.

Every Detroit twirler, excepting Howard Ehmke, who is in the Navy, has signed his contract. Dauss, Cunningham and Mitchell were the last to sign up.

President Norton, of the St. Paul club, has received word that two more of his players, Catcher Glenn and Outfielder Duncan, have been placed in Class 1 of the draft and both may be lost to the club.

Catcher Krueger has signed his contract with the Brooklyn club.

DIES' IST "DER TAG!" —By WALLGREN



ELSIE ONE OF US WHILE WAR LASTS

Actress Enlists for Indefinite Tour of A.E.F. Hut Circuit

GOING BIG, SHE DECLARES

One Dress in Wardrobe, and No Maid, but Miss Janis Has Time of Her Young Life

Elsie Janis has enlisted for the duration of the war. Glowing with the memories of her first triumphant tour of the Y.M.C.A. huts, she is determined to dance and sing and give imitations and turn handsprings as long as there are doughboys in France to provide the most heartwarming audiences she ever has known. From time to time she will make a raid on the commercial theater, but only for brief excursions, and only to replenish the larder and store up enough funds for her to take once again to the greatest circuit of them all—the Y.M.C.A. huts of the A.E.F.

"Of course they may have to retire me for old age if the war runs on forever, but I guess I'll last as long as the Kaiser."

Thus the Playgirl of the Western Front. She was standing in the drawing room of her suite in a Paris hotel looking for all the world like Napoleon in his tent at Marengo, the way she moved pegs over the map of France selecting the next route of her tour.

"I'm playing small time," said Elsie Janis, "but I'm going big."

She is. And she, who has played before the crowned heads of Europe and the swelled heads of Boston, prefers infinitely to play before the heads that are simply but tastefully adorned with a gas-mask, a shrapnel helmet, a bandage or a monkey hat. She knows this after the wildest barn-storming in a wild career. This month she has done her turn in rougher theaters and slept her sleep in rougher hotels than ever she encountered even in the old days when she was little Elsie, the Infant Phenomenon touring Canada, and playing such bitter memories as Guelph and Aurelia.

First Tour Without a Maid

This expedition along the lines of communication was the first tour she ever made without a maid, the first she ever made with a one-dress wardrobe, a plain, loose-skirted gown that will allow her to kick the ceiling, an item in her art which the doughboys particularly admire. It is the first tour she ever has made without receiving a flood of mash-notes. "They don't take time to write. They just come up and slap me on the back."

And Elsie Janis roared with laughter at the recollection of the eager, jostling audiences. She told about the heaps of "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't brick." She told about the staggering posters she had to face, all executed in red by the company painter to announce her coming. "ELSIE JANIS, AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTRESS. FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY." She told about singing through the wards of a base hospital where some Americans who had been gassed had dolled up in the best bathrobes from the linen room just to receive her; and she told of the night at another hospital where the howls of disappointment from the men in the contagious shacks led her to mount a bench and sing through the windows to them.

All along the way she is bombarded with invitations beseeching her to visit this hut or that, perhaps a whole aviation school offering to fly over to the nearest stage if she will meet them there. All along the way extra performances must be given because some soldiers have been crowded out. Once, when 250 officers were baffled by the problem of hearing Elsie when only 20 seats had been reserved for them, she solved it by turning their mess into a cabaret and singing for her dinner.

All along the way she has met old friends. That fat sergeant in the second row would turn out to be the ex-property man of a Keith Theatre back home: that young officer standing by the window we would recognize as the actor who played in her company season before last. Of course she is always meeting some of the 11,026 college boys she has known back in America. And every now and again she would be haunted by shades of the past as when, on asking whom they wanted imitated and expecting the usual demand for such contemporaries as Frank Tinney or Eddie Leonard, she was staggered by a voice from the rear demanding Dan Daly. For a fleeting moment she tried to pretend that Dan was much before her time.

"Oh, I can't do Mr. Daly," she gushed hopefully.

"Oh yes, you can," the voice insisted "I seen you do him when you was only ten."

So she did Dan Daly and she did Charley Chaplin, too, though there was a panicky moment when she thought it was out of the question. Then, down in the front row, she spied a French civilian wtih a little derby hat and a cane, and pouncing on those indispensable properties, she saved the show.

Of course they all join in the singing, thousands of voices roaring in unison with Elsie Janis's. She will teach them one she has written, her most recent verse to her beloved George Cohan's "Over There":

"Over here, over here,
Send the word—send the word, we are here.
And we all are working;
You bet we're working—not one is shirking.
Have no fear,
Mother dear, dry that tear,
Soon your worries will all disappear.
We are over—we're glad we're over;
And we won't come back
Till it's over, over here."

She's Taking This One Back

Then they will teach her one of their own, such as this one she has just added to her *repertoire*:

There's a long, long trail awinding
To No Man's Land out in France.
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting
But we must advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking
Before our dreams all come true
But we've got to show the Kaiser
What the Yankee boys can do.

And up to her old tricks, she is getting ready a program of American songs done into French by herself. Try this over on your vocabulary:

Je ne veux pas guérir!
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmière.
Chaque matin et chaque soir
Elle m'apporte ma médecine et un peu d'espoir.
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Heureusement que je suis célibataire.
Le docteur dit il craint pour ma condition
Mais grâce à Dieu j'ai encore des ambitions.
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmière.

Elsie Janis is a veteran at this war work, and her performances given free of charge at home and in England and here since the war began number over 400—the equivalent of a whole year's run in Broadway. All the reports about her being booked for an engagement in Paris are idle rumors. She is not booked. She may play there before the summer. If she has her own way she will take over some basement as a music-hall of her own and call it the Elsie Janis Abri. If she does, the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES will attend in a body.

And, be it added, applaud uncritically.

BRONX ZOO ON WAR DIET

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 21.—War bread has invaded the Bronx Zoo. The bears are now educated to it. The lions refuse to become vegetarians, but condescend to accept worn-out horses instead of porterhouse steak.

The other animals are all patriotic, with the exception of the East Indian python, which is still an unreformed alien and insists on its suckling pig, as usual.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Captain ——, of the Medical Corps, was host at an informal reception to quite a number of sick and would-be sick soldiers at his office the other morning. Pills and pellets were tastefully served. The room was tastefully decorated with adhesive tape, festooned from the chandeliers, and with wads of absorbent cotton, the ends being neatly tinged with iodine to make them resemble red-edged carnations.

Walking tours, under the direction of chaperones wearing shoulder-straps, promise to be quite the rage among the younger infantry set these warm spring days.

A stag dance at the flat-foot school is among the eagerly awaited events of the spring season. None of the archpounding dances—such as the polka, the barn dance, and others—will be indulged in, but the glides will be featured to a large extent. A discharge from the school will be awarded to the most graceful couple on the floor. It is expected that the entries for the prize waltz contest will be exceedingly numerous.

Many of the nicer families represented in the A.E.F. have been sojourning in Aix-les-Bains of late, but severe criticism has been brought down upon the heads of those *nouveaux riches* among them who have flaunted their wealth so ostentatiously as to take baths.

THIS TOWN RECALLS BOOM DAYS OF '49

Grocery Lady Grieves When Americans Move Up to Trenches

POPULATION CUT IN HALF

Eggs Drop From Six to Four Francs a Dozen After a Period of Staggering Business

"Four francs, m'sieu'," the portly grocery lady observed, holding out a bag containing the dozen slightly senile eggs —of the class of 1885. I think they were —I was buying for our mess.

I paid hastily, and, with the near-poultry safely in my possession, ventured to inquire why the price was only four francs instead of the six asked for a dozen three days before.

"The American soldiers have gone," she replied. No further explanation was needed.

Part of the infantry of an American division had been billeted in and about the little Lorraine town in which we were quartered. One night, with a degree of mystery worthy of Edgar Allan Poe, these troops marched silently down to the railroad, got aboard freight trains and moved off to the front. The next morning, when I sallied forth to buy eggs, everybody in town knew *les Americains* had left. The reduction in the prices of foodstuffs let them into the great secret. As a matter of fact, the townsfolk knew pretty well what was going to happen two days ahead of the actual departure, because the h. c. of l. had already begun to descend. The doughboys were kept too busy to do much shopping during those last 48 hours. And when several thousand American soldiers stop patronizing the commercial establishments of a French town with a normal population of several thousand, the town's trade suffers a mighty acute relapse.

I have known this town since early last summer. When the war correspondents first came here there never had been an American soldier within 500 miles. We lived here for two months before the first units sent to this region for training arrived. During that time American khaki became a common sight by reason of many Americans passing through on their way to other places. But trade remained fairly normal and prices were lower than in Paris or any big provincial city.

Waitress Force More Than Doubled

Until the — Division breezed in upon us in the fall, there were two waitresses and two chambermaids in the principal hotel; now there are five of the former and four of the latter. There were four grocery stores; now there are seven. There was one saleswoman in the cigar store; now there are four and a boy. An officers' club, an ice ceram parlor—so-called—a bank and a moving picture theater have all sprung into being since then. All these places, and every other shop, including the quartermaster's stores and the Y.M.C.A. hut, have done a staggering business. In a few days the town came to resemble a "boom camp" in the old mining days—with gambling, boozing and other vices strictly eliminated.

Then, almost overnight, the "boom" aspect disappeared. The narrow old streets suddenly ceased to resound with the tramp of the doughboy's trench boots. At the crossings an olive drab M.P., worthy disciple of the traffic controllers of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, no longer maintained discipline among lumbering trucks and haughty staff cars. He and the trucks and the staff cars had all moved away up the long road to No Man's Land. The town, which if not wholly American, had been at any rate fifty-fifty Franco-American for months, became French again. And the tradespeople, at least, were not altogether pleased at the change.

Egg Lady Presents Her Case

This I gathered from the lady who sold me the eggs.

"Not at all, m'sieu'," she replied firmly, to my suggestion that the towusfolk would be glad to see a return of the old tranquil days before *les Americains* came. "This is a great sorrow to us, to have your compatriots go off to the trenches. We have become very good friends, your soldiers and we, and one dislikes to see one's friends depart. Besides, business has been so good! Look at the stock on my shelves. I'll never be able to sell it all now—at least not at the same prices.

"It's true we feared, when first we learned Americans were to come here, that there would be a good deal of disturbance. But your soldiers are so well behaved and have so much money to spend that we very soon got over our fears. All we ask now is that they come back again soon." L. E.

JAZZ IN BARRACKS

I can stand their hiking and their firing on the range,
I can walk a lonesome post or do K.P.;
Nothing in this army life to me is new or strange,—
I'm as seasoned and as hardened as can be.
Yet, with all my boasted toughness there is one thing I can't stand,
Though over all of Europe I may roam;
When a ham piano-artist bangs the box to beat the band,
Playing jazz—oh, gee! It's then I long for home!

For that raggy stuff reminds me of the dances I have had,
Of the parties in the good old U.S.A.;
There is some that makes me happy, but there's more that makes me sad,
And it haunts me all the night and all the day,
Oh, it's jazz, jazz, jazz, till my nerves are on the frazz
From a-trying to forget what it recalls;
I try to flee the sound, but it follows me around
And re-echoes from the barracks' stony walls.

When at night I seek my quarters just before the sound of taps,
There's sure to be some mandolin a-playing,
And the ginger of its music calls to mind the drums and traps,
And, before I know it, off again I'm swaying!
I can hear the talk and laughter, I can see the lights ablaze,
I can feel a woman's hand within my own . . .
And, in spite of hobnailed brogans, once again I've got the craze
For the dancing game—then, wingo! Taps is blown!

Yet that raggy stuff pursues me through the watches of the night;
It sadly interrupts a soldier's dreams;
I try to [illegible] it from me, but I cannot lose it quite.
For it links me with America, it seems.
Oh, it's rag, rag, rag till my brain is all a-fag
From a-trying to throw off its haunting spell;
It is tantalizing stuff—and I never get enough—
And the homesickness it gives me won't get well!

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

A.S.—Yes, it is nothing to be ashamed of if you salute Red Cross officers by mistake. Lots of them work just as hard as your officers—even if they don't work you. Besides, if the Old Abe is on their hats, you've got no choice, as far as we can see.

B.L.—In seating guests at a mess shack table, they should be arranged from left to right, in order of seniority, the seniorest man present being at the head of the table, and vice versa. Seniority is established (a) by rank; (b) by lines in the face; (c) by whiskers. When in doubt, play the whiskers. Veterans of the Seminole wars take precedence over the veterans of the Creek wars, veterans of the Creek wars take precedence over participants in the Apache campaigns, and so on down the line. Veterans of the campaigns along the Brandywine, of the siege of Fort Pitt (later known as Pittsburg), and of Fort Duquesne, and members of the Original Daniel Boone Expeditionary Force outrank all others.

E. R.—If the O.D. breaks in on an informal supper party after taps, by all means invite him to sit down and have a bite. If one does not do so, he is apt to get the idea that his presence is unwelcome.

X.Y.—You say she has red hair. Then DON'T send her one of those pink embroidered boudoir caps such as they sell in the lace-knitting provinces of France. She'll be off you for life if you do!

N.B.—Sure, always salute and thank the paymaster. You might even ask him to come again, now that he's found the way.

Z.G.—When meeting a Boche in the dark, the proper salutation is "*Ergeben Sie! Mach' schnell!*" To emphasize it, press the bayonet firmly against his midriff. If he declines the invitation to give himself up, advance the bayonet. He will expect it, and one should not disappoint him.

HARVARD CLUB OF PARIS

Announcement of the ANNUAL SPRING DINNER
Saturday, APRIL 6, 1918
In Honor of the French Associate Members, Lecturers at Harvard University 1898-1918
and to
Commemorate the Declaration of a State of War with Germany by the United States
1917 — 1918
At Hotel Lutetia, 43, Boulevard Raspail, Paris. [illegible] p.m.
PRICE: 15 FRANCS.

Harvard men who expect to be able to attend this most interesting and important Harvard Meeting are requested to send their names and addresses to the Harvard Bureau, American University Union, 8 Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

HOSPITAL COULDN'T HOLD BACK THIS BOY

Little Lie Took Him Into Line with First Americans

STRIPE ALREADY HIS DUE

But Wounded or Not, He Wouldn't Pass Up Chance To Get In On Real Thing

By C. C. LYON
Correspondent of the Newspaper Enterprise Association with the A.E.F.

A fine-featured, delicate-looking lad of hardly 18 was leaning wearily against the front of a building in a little French village, waiting, along with the rest of his battalion, for the word to advance into the first-line American trenches.

The village was just three miles behind the lines, and all days the roads leading to it from the south and west had been choked with American soldiers, American supply trains, American machine guns, and American motors.

The troops for one particular part of the line were to assemble in the village and then go to their trench positions under the cover of darkness.

This 18-year-old boy, leaning against the building, attracted my attention, because he looked so much out of place. He lacked that hardy, rough-and-ready physique that was characteristic of his fellow soldiers.

"Boy," I said to him, "you don't look very well. What's the matter with you—sick or scared?"

No, He Wasn't Scared

He pulled himself together in an instant, looked me squarely in the eye and replied:

"No, I'm not scared. But I just got out of the hospital four days ago, and I haven't got my strength back yet. When we were up in the trenches the first time for practice one of those Boches put a bullet through my side and it sort of took the pep out of me."

"Then what are you doing here now?" I pursued. "Why didn't you stay in the hospital until you were fully recovered?"

"And miss all this? Why, this is the greatest honor that can come to a soldier—to be in the first regiment to be sent into the line. General Pershing must have thought we were the best he had or he wouldn't have picked us, would he?

"I lied to 'em a little at the hospital. I told 'em I was ready for duty again and they let me out. Say, this will be something for me to talk about the rest of my life if I come through all right."

This boy, better than any of scores of others with whom I talked that day, expressed the spirit of the American troops as they waited for the word actually to go into battle.

He got out of a sick bed and shouldered his gun, because he felt his commander-in-chief had honored him by sending him in first, and he didn't want to miss the chance!

Shortly after 4 o'clock, the order was given to get ready, and at 4:30 the march to the trenches began.

I marched out with the first platoon for some distance and then stopped and waited for the rest to pass by.

In seven months, I had come to know hundreds of these boys personally.

An old sergeant passed, at the head of a column.

"So long, Lyon," he called out. "See you again some time, I hope. If I don't just tell the folks back in Terre Haute, Indiana (his home town) that you saw me."

A boy from Columbus, Ohio, went by and held out a letter to me. "It's to my mother. Will you mail it for me?"

Finally, the 18 year old lad went by—head erect, his step firm and determined, his eyes to the front.

"Take care of yourself, boy," I flung at him.

He said not a word, but his hand went to his cap and he gave me the finest military salute I'd seen in many a month.

And this was the way the American boys go into the trenches.

IRVIN COBB HERE LADEN WITH TITLES

Newly-made Colonel Taken at His Word by London Journalist

Irvin Cobb is over here—all of him. Rather, Colonel Irvin Cobb is over here. For, just before he sailed to join the other correspondents in camp with the A.E.F., a wire came to him out of the night informing him of his appointment to a colonelcy on the staff of the Governor, by Gawd, suh, of Kentucky.

Colonel Cobb didn't have time to get very much of a uniform to match his new dignity, but he got some uniform parts and assembled them himself on the way over. He was clad in the *tout ensemble* when, in London, a British journalists over there) called upon him.

"May I not ask, Mr. Cobb" (using a form of address calculated to make an American feel perfectly at home) "may I not ask what uniform that is which you are wearing?" the Briton inquired.

"Well," responded the newly minted Colonel, "I am an officer on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky; but the uniform that I am wearing—"

"Yes?" broke in the Englishman, highly interested.

"The uniform I am wearing is that of a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

"Oh," said the Englishman, much impressed.

He shouldn't have been impressed. He ought to have laughed. He didn't. Therefore, he fell.

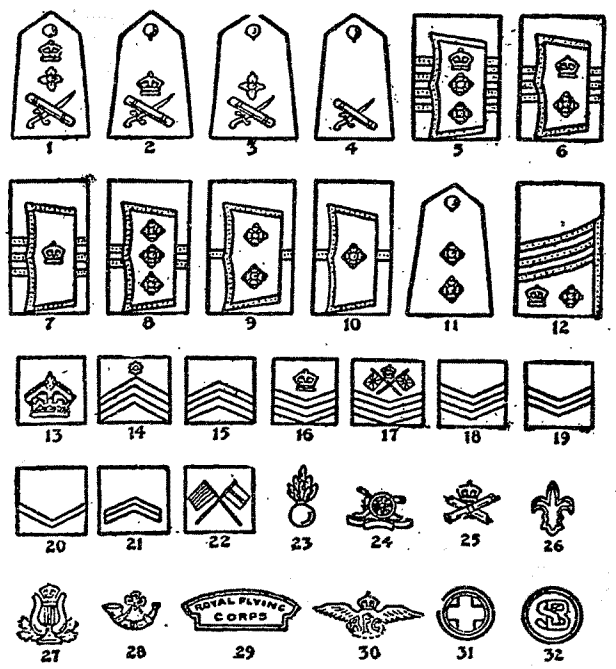
The next day there appeared in a most conservative, correct and accurate British daily a line something like this:

"Colonel Cobb, who is also a Field Marshal in the Palestinian Guards."

When Irv—beg pardon, the Colonel recovered after reading it, he was in quite the frame of mind to recall that saying of good old Doc Holmes about never daring to be as funny as one can. For safety first purposes he now refers to his outfit simply as a synthetic uniform.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

.—THE BRITISH ARMY



The French officer wears his rank upon his sleeve. So does the British officer. But there is one main point of difference. Some British officers don't.

Put it another way. All American officers wear their insignia on their shoulders. So do a few British officers. But they're all brigadier generals or better if they do.

Wherefore, if you see a khaki uniform that appears to be neither American, French or Belgian, and if there is a Sam Browne belt across the breast of that uniform—in other words, if you're pretty sure that a British officer is coming your way, and you want to be sure he's an officer before you salute, then look first at his shoulder.

If it is as unadorned as your own, don't give up, but look at his sleeve. If it is adorned with any of the officers' insignia pictured above, salute him.

Then, if you're still uncertain of his rank, slip into a doorway, take the diagram out of your billfold—of course, you'll have cut it out and saved it for just such an emergency—and compare the marking you have seen with the figures given below.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 11 are worn on the shoulder straps, and the rank each signifies is:

1. General. 2. Lieutenant-General. 3. Major-General. 4. Brigadier-General. 11. Worn by all officers of the Guards, and on all officers' overcoats.

The insignia for all other officers are worn on the cuff, and are as follows:

5. Colonel.
6. Lieutenant-Colonel.
7. Major.
8. Captain.
9. First lieutenant.
10. Second lieutenant.
12. Cuff as worn by officers in Scotch regiments. The rank is shown by the same insignia as is worn on other cuffs.

Non-Commissioned officers may be recognized by these chevrons:

13. Staff sergeant major.
14. Regimental quartermaster sergeant.
15. Quartermaster sergeant.
16. Company, battery or troop sergeant major.
17. Color sergeant.
18. Sergeant.
19. Corporal.
20. Lance-corporal.
21. Good conduct badge.
22. Signalman.

The devices signifying the branch of service in which the wearer is enlisted are as follows:

23. Engineer.
24. Artillery.
25. Machine-gun corps.
26. Scout.
27. Bandsman.
28. Bugler.
29. Flying corps.
30. Qualified pilot, flying corps.
31. Army medical corps.
32. Stretcher bearer.

SAFE IN THEATER, HE MISSES SHOW

Balloon Observer Bewails Lost Chance to Use Parachute

LIVELY DAYS FOR SAUSAGE

Big Bag Is Shot Down Five Times While Artillery Officer Pines in School

If moved to moralize on the subject of the point of view, consider for a moment the case of the sausage, the observer, and his folks at home.

A sausage, in military argot, is an observation balloon, which is anchored to a motor truck by a piano wire. The truck is to move the wire out of range when enemy guns take long range shots at the sausage. The balloon follows the wire.

The observer is the occupant of the sausage basket. His job is to see what he can see, and report to his friends on the ground by telephone—especially as to the effects of artillery fire from his own side. Oh, yes, and if an enemy avion comes very close and begins shooting incendiary bullets through the sausage, the observer is supposed to leap out into the empty air.

Down he plunges for 300, 400, or 500 feet; then, according to program, the large, light, white parachute attached to his back by a long harness will float out on the circumambient atmosphere, spread out into a sort of one-ring circus tent, and float the observer gently down into the nearest *abri*, or canal, or wire entanglement.

It is obvious, therefore, that it makes a good deal of difference whether one views the proceedings from the sausage, looking down, or from the ground, looking up. The point of view of the folks at home is unpleasant to remember.

Kicking—and in Paris

This little essay is merely for the purpose of pointing out that Charley ———, a "young fellah" who was once a member of a crack society battery of light field artillery, was unreasonable when he moaned about his luck. There he was in Paris—in the Follies Bergère, lest you think a worse thing—not on permission, but unavoidably detained overnight in the city on his journey from school to front—and kicking. Can you outdo it?

One could but listen. And this was the tale.

One unit of the A.E.F. assigned to training duty on the *Chemin des Dames* front, set its artillery observers at work in the sausages, and young Lieut. Charley ——— drew the upper-air job and the companionship of a French spotter.

Day after day they mounted to the limit of the string; day after day the Boche swam up out of the haze and circled toward them, sputtering mitraillense fire. Day after day the Fritz took a chance with a long-range shell, but always the motor truck moved the sausage a few hundred yards to the left or right, and let it up or hauled it down, so as to spoil the range of the next shot.

Charley really wanted to jump. It isn't so much that he said so, but his whole outfit knew he wanted to jump. He was more or less gently kidded about it. Others had jumped; some had jumped when there was no real need of it, and what they got from their K.O.s made the lieutenant's dose look like real commendation.

* * *

Something happened Up Above. This does not mean in the heavens that are above the earth, but in the realms of the Higher Ups. Lieut. Charley ———, actively spotting artillery fire on a very active sector of the front, was ordered to the rear to go to a school for artillery observers, so that he might learn to do what he had been doing.

Back to Paris Again

Off he went, and in a week or two or three, he was ordered back again. It was not only all a mistake, his going to school, but somebody had found it out. He got as far back as Paris—and learned the horrid news.

During his absence, either Fritz got a new gunner with a better eye, or else the avions got more darling, or something. Anyway, the blessed old sausage had been shot down five times, and the observers had parachuted to earth each time—and one more time when they came down and the balloon didn't.

That was what Lieut. Charley ——— was wailing about in the Folies Bergère. That was what one man, looking at the parachute jump from the ground, called hard luck. Almost anybody can imagine what he would call the necessity of a jump, looking at it from a sausage basket.

The only thing left to wonder about is the point of view of the folks at home on such a proposition.

BEHIND TH' LINE

When ye hear th' motor's hummin'
An' ye hear th' Boche is comin'
An' ye hear th' fellows tumblin' out o' bed,
Then ye seem t' have a notion
That ye ought t' get in motion
'Foret h' blamed ole roof comes fallin' on yer head.
Then th' shrapnel gets t' poppin'
An' Fritz lets some bombs come droppin',
An' th' ole dugout is callin' mighty strong;
Ye sure hate t' think o' runnin'
Ev'ry time Fritz comes a-gunnin',
But ye know yer time on earth ain't *extra* long.
Ye're alone inside yer billet—
All th' other lads who fill it
'cross th' way
Have sought shelter in th' dugout
Hell! them bombs is droppin' nearer,
An' yer life seems gettin' dearer,
An' ye almost kinda wish ye'd learned t' pray;
Ye ain't scared, ye're not a coward,
But ye're almost overpowered
By th' dred what comes a-sneakin' in th' dark.
Let ye have yer good ole rifle
An' ye'll think it just a trifle
If ye face a score or Boche an' let 'er bark.
Ye ain't scared because ye're shakin',
An' the short, quick breaths ye're takin'
Ain't a sign there's yellow runnin' down yer spine,
(Fritz is gone, yer pals is comin,
Let 'em have it now fer runnin'.)
God! sometimes its' kinda hell behind th' line!

—HOWARD W. BUTLER.

EXCHANGED PRISONER SEES FIRST YANKEES

Victim of U-Boat Rejoices When Boche Rumors Prove True

NINE MONTHS IN GERMANY

French Sailor's Two Young Sons Were Shot When Hun Entered Lille

He hobbled up on his crutches, his left trouser-leg hanging limp below the knee. His face was drawn and haggard, his whole body emaciated. His uniform, once the dark blue of the French marines, was spotted and faded and minus several buttons. His eyes were those of a man who has seen horrors.

Yet his manner, as he approached the little group of American soldiers, was as gentle as that of the most polished courtcir of the *ancien regime*. Steadying himself on his left crutch, he brought up his right hand—a gnarled disfigured hand it was—to salute, and began, in good but quaint English:

"You—you Americans. I salute you! I, who have been these nine months a prisoner in Germany, salute you. You are the first American soldiers I have seen."

Fired On in Open Boat

Pressed to tell his story, he said he had been on the French battleship La Gloire at the time she was torpedoed in the Atlantic. He had gotten away in a small boat, but the submarine that struck down the battleship pursued his craft, firing at its complement. That was how he lost his leg.

The next he knew, he was in the bowels of the U-boat, a prisoner. Arriving at Bremen, he was hurried by rail to a prison camp, with scant attention paid to his injured limb. Amputation was therefore necessary; with proper care and treatment, it might have been avoided.

For nine months he existed rather than lived in the prison compound, fed on black bread and vegetable parings.

"Water?" he echoed, in response to a question. "No water could I get! Always we were thirsty—and hungry? Oh, so hungry! It was cold, too,—cold all the time. And we were given no clothes; all we had were these,"—indicating his frayed uniform—"that we brought with us."

Rumors of America's Entry

Under the agreement for the mutual exchange of wounded prisoners, he was brought back. He had heard rumors, in Germany, of the appearance of American soldiers on the soil of *La Patrie*, but they were rumors only. He had hoped it was so, but had not known for certain. And now his hope was realized.

"I have a particular reason for wishing to see you Americans do well in battle. I come from Lille. In that city my two young sons—all I had—were shot down by the Germans. I am *blessé*—pointing to his poor stump of a leg—as you see. I cannot avenge them. But you—you may be able to do it! I wish you—how do you say it?—wish you luck.

"*Bonsoir, mes amis, les Américains! On les aura!*"

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